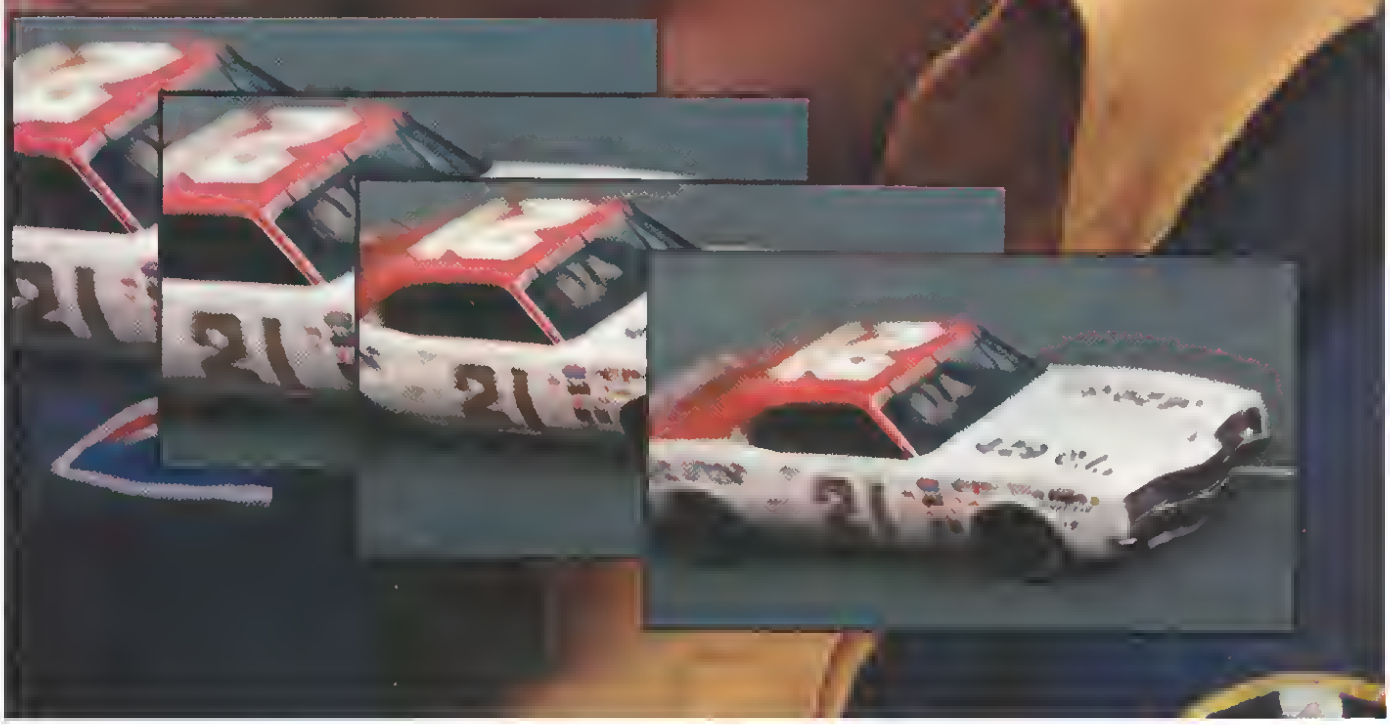
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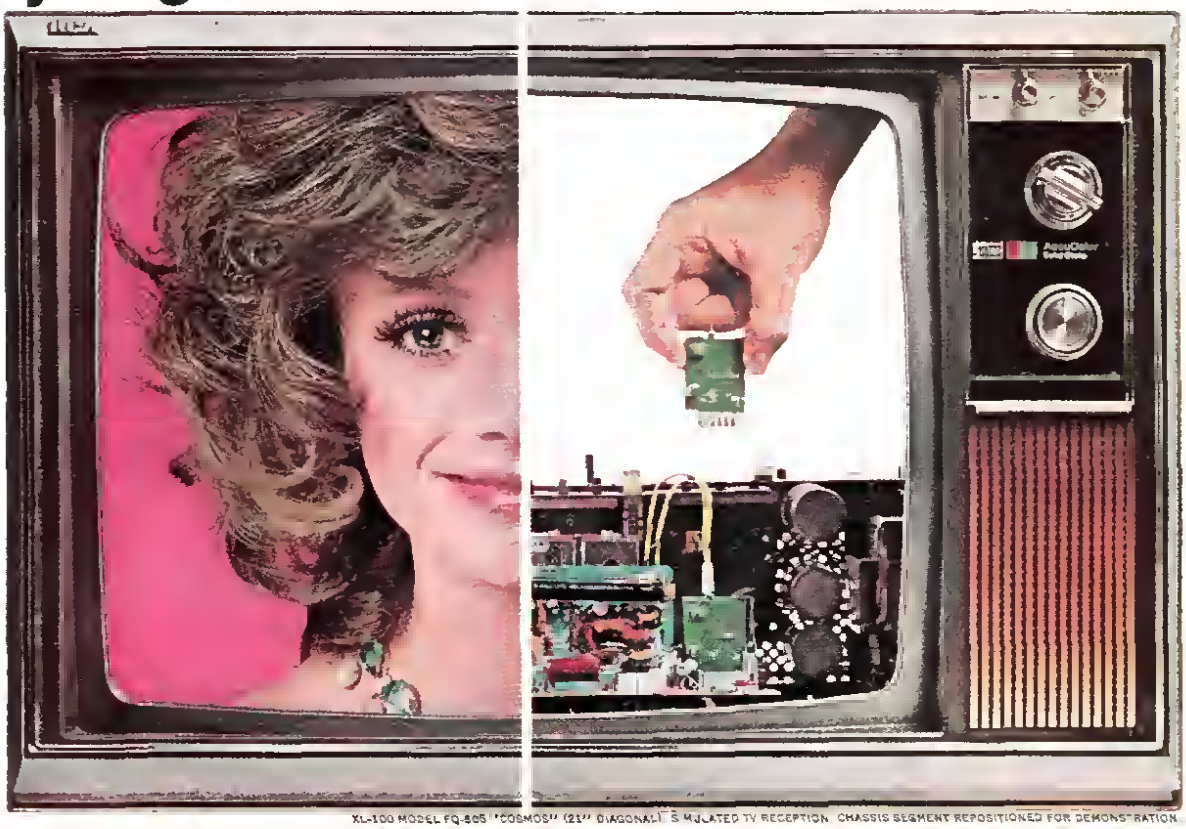
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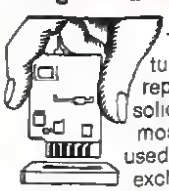
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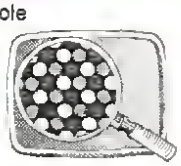
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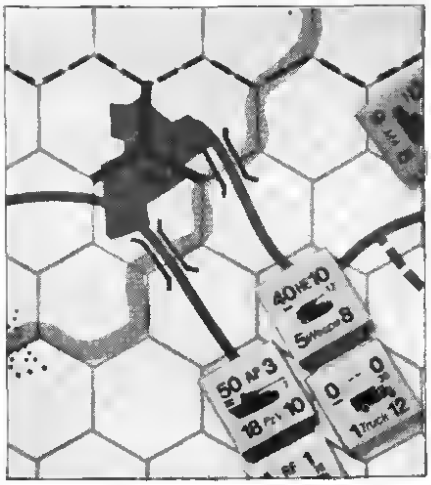
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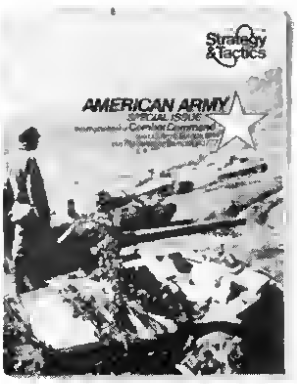
Grunt (ground combat in Vietnam), Lost Battles (tactical combat in Russia, 1941-44), USN (the war in the Pacific, 1941-43), Flying Circus (aerial combat WW I).



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The Magazine of Conflict Simulation



Car Story.

In the early fifties, Allards were the terror of Ferraris. "Brute force and ignorance," shouted the cognoscenti as Allards swept to victory.

The triumph of Allards was short-lived. Bnt to a few of the gentlemen who knew them in their prime, those great hairy machines were the last hurrah of the fire-and-thunder school of racing.

Back in 1952, Mr. O.R.T. Bowden nearly bought an Allard from a New York showroom. He says it was going to be for his wife, but she was unahle to push in the clutch.

17 years later, he found this J-2 in England, shipped it to his home in Jacksonville, and restored the car inside and out to better-than-showroom condition.

It has a Ford-Cohra engine ("able to leap tall buildings in a single bound") which Mr. Bowden modified to give the car even more oomph.

Finally, Mr. Bowden put in a new set of Champion Spark Plugs. (Which were, after all, original equipment on Allards. And, now, on Ferraris.)

And now, on sunny days, the Allard thunders down the back lanes to the yacht clubs. Where Ferrari owners leave their cars, and stand and stare, amazed.

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20 million people have switched to Champion Spark Plugs.

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Credits on page 67

Next week

STRIKING IT RICHER in Florida, golf's touring pros—and Dan Jenkins—zero in on Jackie Gleason's Inverrary Classic, which is going to suffer no lack of 1) money or 2) names.

LIFTING THE COVER of UCLA Center Bill Walton, William F. Reed explores the life and times of college basketball's newest and—so far, at least—exceedingly private star.

ONCE HE WAS AN ANGEL, a promising young rookie, that is a Bo Belinsky few remember. A sensitive portrait of an athlete who failed, a man reflecting on the tangle of a career.

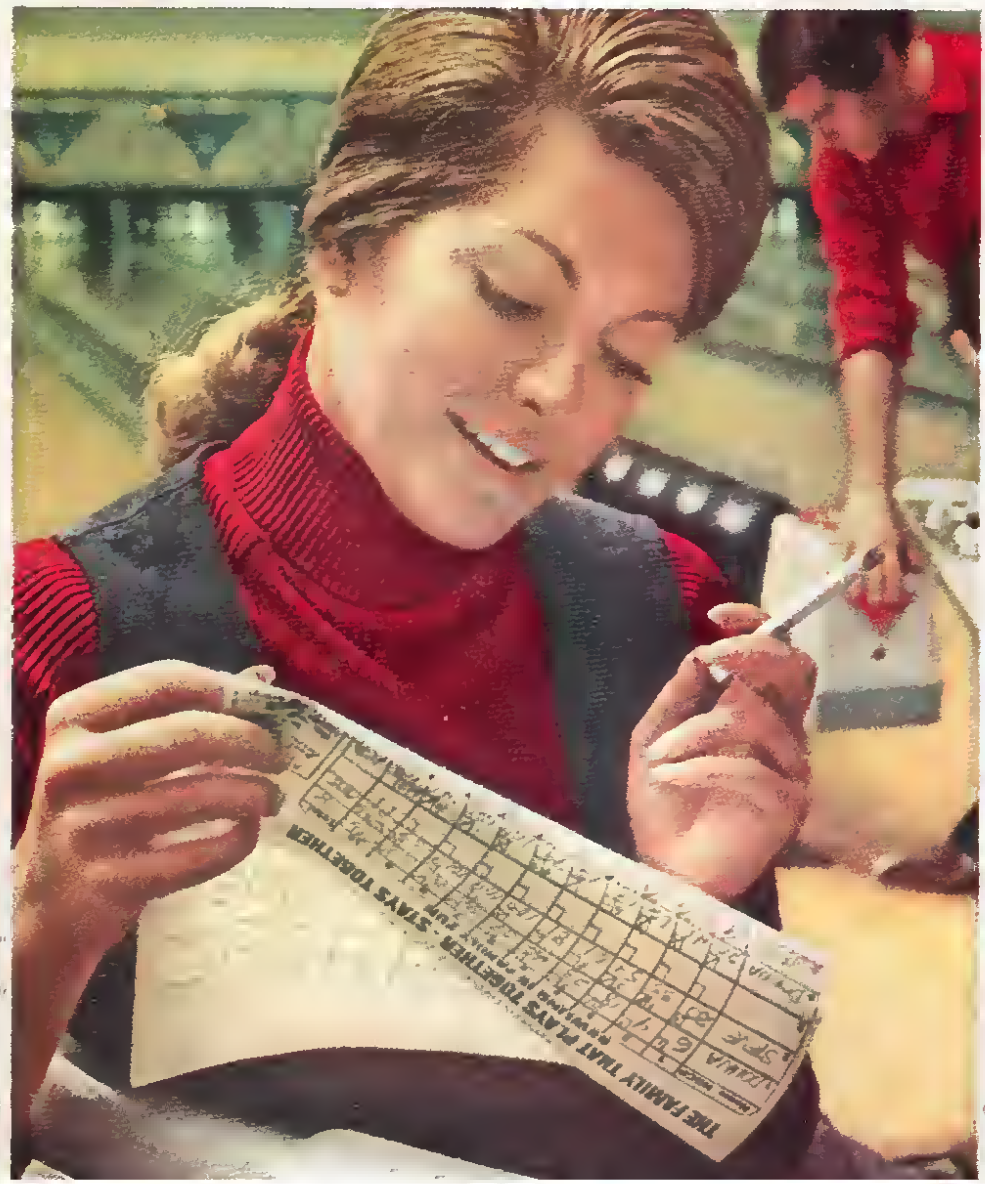
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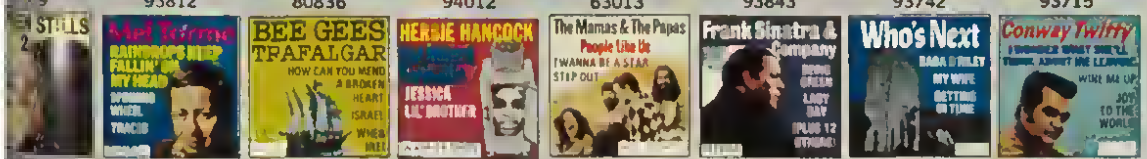
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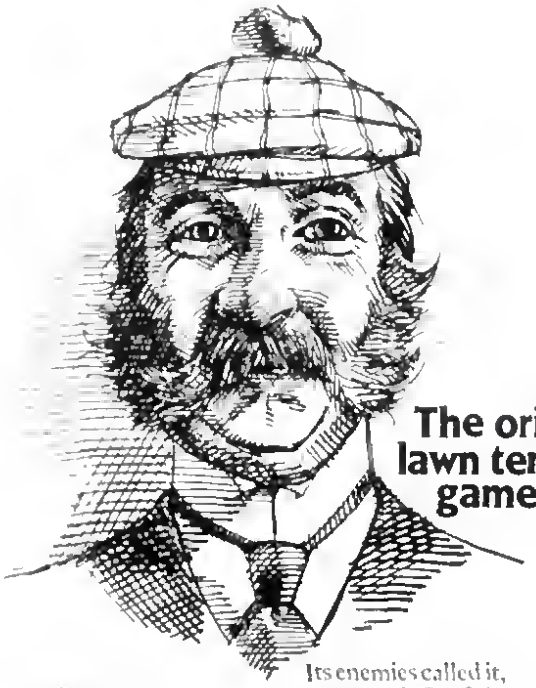
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*Electronically reprocessed to simulate stereo

Tennis originals.



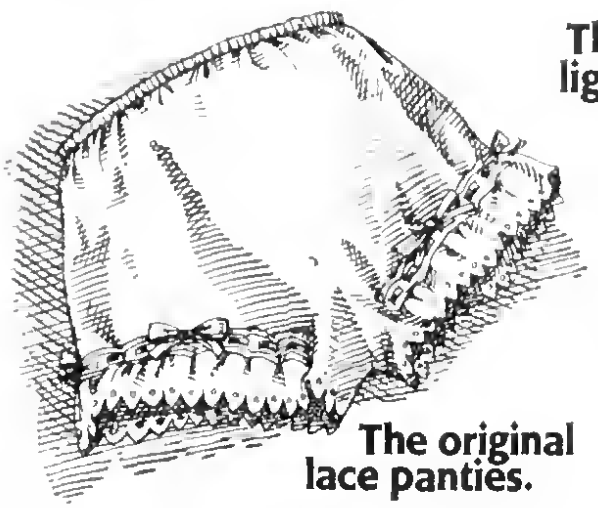
The original lawn tennis game.

Its enemies called it, "Sticky." Its founder, Major Walter Wingfield, called it, "Sphairistike." Later to be known as lawn tennis, the first game was played in February 1874 in England on an hourglass shaped court with droopy nets.



The original steel racket.

First forged in the early 1930's by the Dayton Steel Co., this unwieldy war club was perfectly suited for the now famous cannonball service. Unfortunately, however, it had two faults. Its steel strings devoured the balls. And its steel frame made a rather smashing lightning rod.



The original lace panties.

Perhaps the most colorful moment in lawn tennis history happened at Wimbledon, England in 1949, when Miss Gertrude "Gussy" Moran astonished the crowd by unveiling the first lace panties. Another small step forward for womankind.



The original light Scotch.

Usher's Green Stripe. Long a favorite of tennis fanciers, Usher's may very well have been on hand when Major Wingfield vied for that very first match point. For you see, Andrew Usher had already perfected this superbly light original some 21 years before. Since 1853, advantage, Usher's.

Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 original.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

JUMP BALL

Last week's double center jump by 7-foot Jim McDaniels and 6′ 11″ Jim Chones (*page 18*) is merely the latest skirmish in the long basketball war between the NBA and ABA. The war has thrown the sport on both the college and pro levels into disarray and, sadly, no one seems to be doing anything about it. All the parties involved—coaches, players, owners, judges and politicians—are willing to talk, many of them loudly, but most of the rhetoric has been self-serving.

It is time for less bluster and more serious bargaining by all sides. "I'd like to see everyone—the NCAA, the pros and Senator Ervin's committee, which is holding the hearings on the merger legislation—get together and try to work out something, reach an agreement of some kind," said Houston Rockets General Manager Pete Newell. Newell's suggestion is fine, except he left out two important parties: the college players and the basketball fans. Any decision must take into account the individual rights of college athletes, as well as those already in the pros; and the bargainers must remember that the fans supply the money the owners, college administrators and players so hungrily pursue. Carolina fans, whose Cougars are battling for an ABA playoff spot, certainly have good reason to be angry at a sport that allows a player like McDaniels to switch teams in midseason. And the same goes for Marquette, whose hopes of a national championship were dashed by the pros' untimely signing of Chones.

Sure, give players like Chones and McDaniels the right to control their own destinies. And give the owners the right to drive their hardest bargains. But let it all be restricted to the off season when loyal, cash-paying fans will not be the victims of the haggling.

WASHED BRAINS

Having fun with the President's visit to China, newspaper columnist Art Hoppe invoked the reverse-cliché technique and did one of those looks at mysterious America from the point of view of a Chinese. In part he wrote: "Americans are generally docile, easily led, unthinking automatons. . . . Every morning they breakfast on a bowl of rice or wheat cereal and then trudge off to work in teeming masses. . . . They share a common dislike of thinking. For instance, their favorite occupation is watching football on television, for after each play the announcer explains to them what happened. Similarly, every time Chairman Nixon makes a speech, three men immediately appear on the screen to explain what he said."

Well, of course, it is all a terrible exaggeration.

RAISED EYEBROW

Greenville, Texas, the town where Duane Thomas was stopped, searched and then arrested for possession of marijuana, is the county seat of Hunt County. The stationery of the Hunt County district clerk bears the slogan, "The Blackest Land and the Whitest People."

PLEASANT SURPRISE

With no formal plot and a two-hour running time, the film *American Wilderness*, currently playing in theaters across the country, could be called a feature-length travelogue, but those who have seen it say it is much more. In its sweeping display of remote wilderness, it is an adventurer's film. In its stalk of trophy game, including the four wild mountain sheep that are American hunting's most coveted prizes, it is a sportsman's film. Mostly, in its salute to the natural glories still extant in this land, it is apparently a film for everyone.

American Wilderness was written, filmed, edited, scored and distributed by Arthur R. Dubs, a Medford, Ore. contractor, sportsman and amateur photographer, but it is decidedly not an amateur production. Dubs spent seven years and traveled more than 32,000 miles gathering footage. By using 16-mm film, later enlarged to 35 mm for commercial distribution, he kept expenses to a minimum (the film cost $28,000 to make and has already grossed $3 million) and equipment light. He was thus able to hike, climb, pack and crawl into areas inaccessible to conventional camera crews and there capture on film moments seldom seen. The film avoids Disney sentimentality and, except for a somewhat overdramatized pursuit of a polar bear, maintains an admirable level of taste and integrity.

ODDS ON

It's baseball odds time again, and the pundits at Harrah's on Lake Tahoe have come up with this estimation of the pennant races.

First, the odds on getting into the World Series:

AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Baltimore 3-5	Pittsburgh 5-2
Oakland 2-1	Los Angeles 3-1
Minnesota 4-1	Cincinnati 7-2
Detroit 6-1	San Francisco 5-1
California 12-1	Chicago 7-1
Boston 15-1	New York 8-1
Kansas City 20-1	St. Louis 8-1
New York 30-1	Atlanta 12-1
Cleveland 40-1	Houston 20-1
Chicago 40-1	Montreal 50-1
Texas 100-1	Philadelphia 100-1
Milwaukee 100-1	San Diego 100-1

Second, the breakdown in the four divisional races:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

EAST	WEST
Baltimore 1-3	Oakland Even
Detroit 3-1	Minnesota 2-1
Boston 6-1	California 6-1
New York 15-1	Kansas City 10-1
Cleveland 25-1	Chicago 20-1
Milwaukee 50-1	Texas 50-1

NATIONAL LEAGUE

EAST	WEST
Pittsburgh Even	Los Angeles 7-5
Chicago 2-1	Cincinnati 9-5
New York 4-1	San Francisco 5-2
St. Louis 5-1	Atlanta 6-1
Montreal 30-1	Houston 10-1
Philadelphia 60-1	San Diego 60-1

As usual, some of the Nevada prices seem strange indeed. The oddsmakers could not believe the 1971 collapse of Minnesota in the American League and Cincinnati in the National. And they

continued

have some faith that California, sans Alex Johnson, will snap back, too. They were not overly impressed by the promising showings of Kansas City and Chicago in the American League West, and seem to feel that San Francisco's divisional championship was a snare and a delusion. The prices, particularly on the pennant races as a whole, are heavily on the side of the house. Oh, well.

Faites vos jeux, messieurs.

FANATIC

From hockey-mad Boston comes a report that underneath a bumper sticker reading "Jesus Saves" someone had written "and Espo scores on the rebound!"

THE FISCHER-SPASSKY GO

When Bobby Fischer bombed Tigran Petrosian off the chessboard last fall and earned the right to meet Boris Spassky of the Soviet Union for the world championship, interest in chess soared. In the past, the Fédération Internationale des



Échecs (FIDE) would have routinely announced a neutral site where the championship would be played, and the story would have appeared as a one-inch item somewhere near the bottom of page 23 in your local newspaper.

But with B. Fischer around, things are different. This time 15 cities from 12 countries bid for the privilege of staging the 24-game match, and by chess standards the bids were astronomical. For instance, Reykjavik, Iceland, offered $125,000, and Belgrade, Yugoslavia, the highest bidder, came in with $152,000 ($95,000 for the winner, $57,000 for the loser).

But the final selection was not just a matter of money, for chess players, a sensitive lot, have very definite ideas on where they will or will not play. Fischer liked Belgrade; Spassky did not. Spassky liked Reykjavik; Fischer did not. Under FIDE regulations, each side had to submit a list of acceptable places by a date late in January. Total stalemate. The Russians claimed the Americans did not file by deadline; the Americans said the deadline was later than the Russians said it was. In any event, they failed to come up with a mutually acceptable city. The decision was then up to Dr. Max Euwe, president of FIDE. Euwe pondered and announced a compromise: the first 12 games would be in Belgrade, the last 12 in Reykjavik.

A decision worthy of a Solomon, except that neither Fischer nor the Russians accepted it. The Russians protested that Dr. Euwe had violated FIDE rules. Fischer was incommunicado.

There, last week, the matter uneasily rested. Some observers suggested that the Russians, unnerved by Fischer's resounding triumphs, would just as soon Spassky avoided him entirely. Others held that the entire affair was a sort of pre-chess chess game, with moves and countermoves designed to psych the other side.

Non-chess fans could not help but feel that it was all beginning to sound like the publicity buildup for an Ali-Frazier fight.

MODERN TIMES

When Pete Carlston, Utah's track and field coach, asked one of his athletes to remove a dilapidated hat pulled down to his ears so a press photographer could get a picture, the youth squirmed and stuttered. He had a brief private conference with his coach and then ducked into the locker room. "He'll be back in a jiffy," Carlston told the photographer. "What seems to be the problem?" the cameraman asked. "He has his hair up in curlers," Carlston replied.

THE GAME'S THE THING

There has been discussion this season about the philosophy of hockey. Everyone who knows the game accepts its roughness: you get hurt playing hockey, and a man who can neither dish it out nor take it belongs in a less violent environment. But the roughness of the game—body checks, falls, cuts, bruises, occasional flare-ups of temper—degenerated in recent years, according to one school of thought, into a cheap comedy of semistaged mass fights. The swift, piercing grace would suddenly stagnate while players on both teams scattered gloves over the ice and stood pulling on one another's shirts, vainly flailing away with tedious and seldom effective punches. Yet crowds, particularly in some American cities, seemed to love the spectacle, and penurious owners encouraged the brawls.

Finally, hockey officialdom stepped in and instituted stricter rules. Now, if two players square off, a certain patience is exercised. But if third parties join in, they are immediately penalized. The incidence of brawls has declined dramatically. One NHL player says, "A lot of those guys who used to start fights won't get in them now because they know nobody's going to come and help them."

Some critics bemoan all this, saying the new rules have softened the players and the game. The embryonic World Hockey Association (*page 20*), which is hoping to start play next season, has said it not only will *not* crack down on fighting, it will encourage it, the implication being that hockey's popularity depends to a considerable degree on such donnybrooks.

Maybe so, but a recent *Toronto Star* poll indicates the opposite. When the *Star* asked if NHL players should be automatically thrown out of a game for fighting (the current stringent rules do not go nearly that far), 66% of its readers voted yes. If Canadians know a great deal about their national sport and care deeply for it, such an overwhelming vote against hockey brawls must have significance.

THEY SAID IT

- Jerry Kramer, former Green Bay Packer: "The TV football widow said to her husband, 'You love football more than me.' He said, 'Yes, but I love you more than basketball.' "
- Evel Knievel, motorcycle daredevil, never noted for modesty: "I figure on going for another six years until I'm 40. Then I'll try the pro golf circuit. I'm as good right now as any of them."
- Tony DeSpirito, veteran jockey: "I had a lot of things I wanted to do during my vacation, but instead I just relaxed and got fat. Well, maybe not really fat. I put on a pound." **END**

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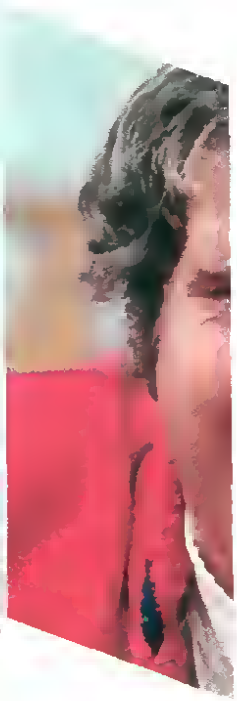
Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 28, 1972

COME BACK

But next time leave some loot for the authentic who invented things like stock-car racing and


Cale Yarborough


Bobby Isaac



It was a long time coming, but perhaps it had been inevitable. The Daytona 500—stock-car racing's biggest payoff—was the only major prize that A. J. Foyt (*see cover*) had coveted but never had been able to win. The three-time Indy champion and co-conqueror of Le Mans (along with Dan Gurney back in 1967) hardly needed the money, but he sure did want the glory. Indeed, there were some faithless race fans who reckoned Foyt might be over the hill. Not so. Last Sunday, with an awesome display of canny driving and superb preparation, Super Tex finally turned the trick. He won Daytona wheels down, and along with it $38,400 to add to the zillions that already line his coffers in Houston.

But winners and paychecks are only the skeletal stuff of stock-car racing. The flesh is something else again, particularly at Daytona. There is a kind of virile ugliness about Daytona's Speed Weeks and that climactic 500-mile race that somehow manages to transcend venality and, at the end, convert it into affection. First there is the weather—not the come-on-down chamber of commerce pipe dream, but the wet, windy reality of a northern Florida winter. Last week Daytona dripped, and when everyone was soggy enough a gale-force wind came swirling down from the north—"a keen of a lean wind," in e. e. cummings' phrase—to frazzle the STP banners and freeze the Southern drawls like syrup poured on snow. It was unwise to walk in the lee of a female stock-car fan; the lacquer chips blown from her beehive hairdo could flay a man alive.

The wind was beneficial in one sense. It dispersed the usual miasma of gasoline fumes and fried chicken smoke that makes the Daytona International Speedway Florida's most pungent air polluter. Beyond the weather, and last week's was hardly unusual, Daytona was a gathering of like-minded souls from every region and every station (of gas, that is, not life). In the black, axle-deep mud of the infield, Michiganders talked shop with their counterparts from Georgia and Mississippi in long, almost mystical dialogues conducted over the hoods of freshly simonized sedans or on the roofs of campers. The men punctuated their exchanges of automotive wisdom with chugs from their omnipresent beer cans while their wives kept busy by manufacturing hefty sandwiches or shrilling at the kids. Valves and half-shafts uttered into the air like so many benedictions, pickles and salami and remonstrances drawing the dialogues back to earth.

Finally, the atmosphere of this year's Daytona 500 was spiked with a new ingredient—not just another "miracle" engine additive or another frustrating rule change by NASCAR, but that headiest of American stimulants, politics. Bill France, the founding father of stock-car racing and boss of NASCAR, if not Daytona, is serving as George Wallace's campaign manager for the Florida Democratic primary. Since France's speedway is Daytona's main claim to fame, and since any fool who reads the racing press must realize that half a million American voters—many of them Floridians—congregate at the speedway during the weeks that culminate with

REAL SOON

good ol' boys, A.J. After all, they are the men the Daytona 500

by ROBERT F. JONES



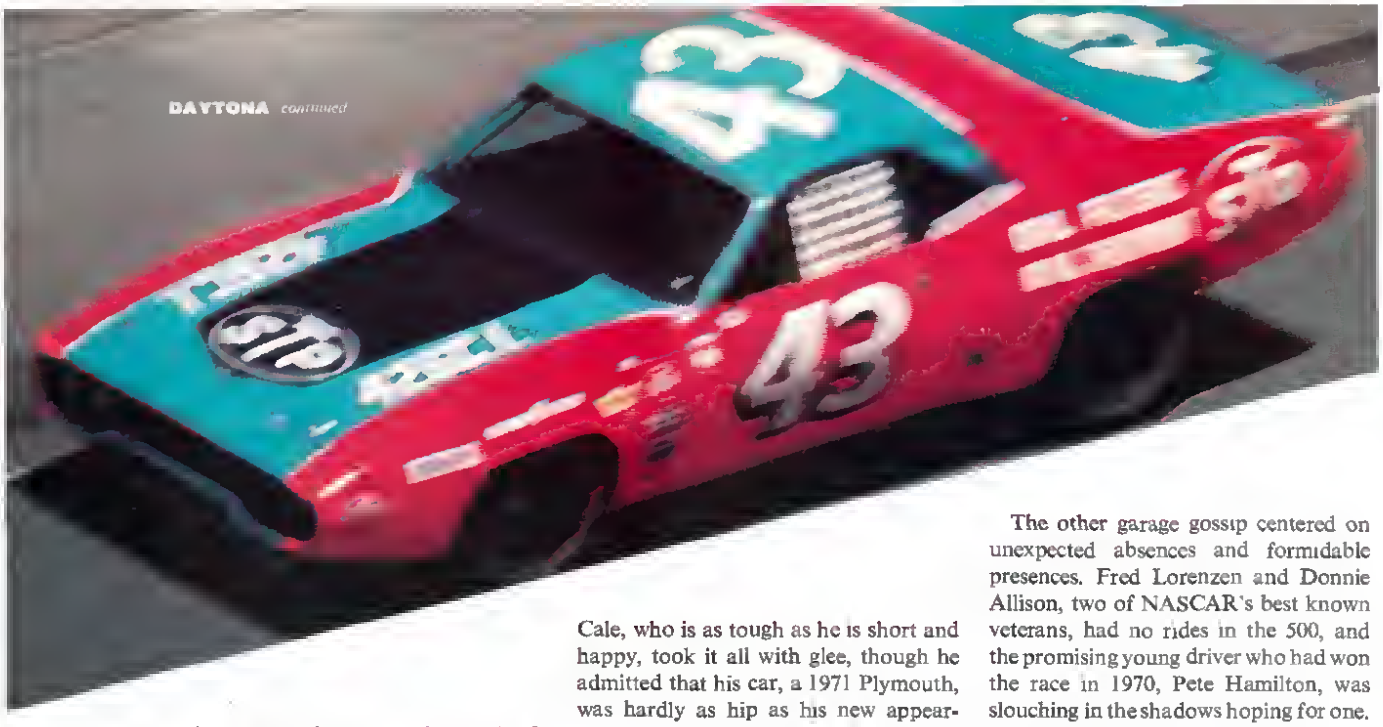
the 500, it was inevitable that politics would intrude on sport. Though France himself has stepped down as president of the speedway, turning that function over to his son Bill Jr., he saw to it that the announcer at every Speed Weeks race or time trial made an appeal for Wallace contributions. Indeed, Wallace's wife Cornelia, described by the local press as "an ebony-haired former beauty queen," was scheduled to drive the pace car for the 500. Those who had unhappy memories of last year's Indianapolis 500, where an amateur pace-car driver crashed into the photographers' stand, were reassured that Cornelia Wallace was no Eldon Palmer. She had driven the pace car during a race last year at France's other speedway, Talladega, and even though she popped a tire at 115 mph, Cornelia kept the car under control. "A real stud, that lady," said one NASCAR official. "I guess you'd have to call her a good ol' gal."

For those who preferred to keep their racing undiluted by politics, there was plenty of authentic white lightning in the way of new developments. For instance, the unlikely alliance of Richard Petty, the sport's superhero, with Andy Granatelli of STP fame. Richard—long, lean and casual—has always seemed to epitomize the down home best in stock-car racing. His daddy, Lee, was one of the first stars to rise over the moonshine trail back in the early 1950s and the first to win three Grand National season championships—a feat duplicated only by David Pearson and Richard himself. Like hardware businesses of yore, stock-car racing has managed to maintain the 19th century tradition of sons following in their fathers' footsteps, and the fact that Richard has won more Grand National races (141), and more money ($1 million plus) than any other stock-car driver in history has been reassuring to most GN fans. These same folks, however, are contemptuous of Granatelli, a man who is not only plump

continued



A Confederate buff sports a flag and crown.



and non-Wasp but comes from USAC. When Richard this year allowed his pristine, Petty-blue Plymouth to be anointed, or desecrated, by vast, gaudy daubs of Granatelli Day-Glo orange, it was as big a shock as if George Wallace had been revealed as a closet pot smoker or Robert E. Lee as a sissy.

Petty relieved all tensions, however, by winning the season's first race at Riverside under the new colors (the car remains Petty blue on top, where it counts in the high banks) and then announcing that "Andy has promised not to kiss me when I win. It's in the contract."

Richard was clearly the man to contend with, but then again Cale Yarborough was back after a season's absence with USAC. The good ol' boys welcomed him warmly, joshing Caleb about his scraggly yaller mustache and his red-trimmed "fruit boot" racing slippers. Cale, who is as tough as he is short and happy, took it all with glee, though he admitted that his car, a 1971 Plymouth, was hardly as hip as his new appearance. The same sort of joshing was directed at Mark Donohue, whose experience in road racing had not quite prepared him for the jests of the stockers. When the good ol' boys poked fun at Mark's golden racing suit, and more pointedly at his "boxcar"—a blunt and aerodynamically dirty American Motors Matador—Donohue went into a sulk. Wandering through the garage area among all those bulking, guttural cars, one of which bore the slogan "With God you're always a winner," Donohue looked more and more like Charlie Brown. It took Roger Penske to snap things back into focus. "We may look slow right now," said Penske, "but looks can be deceiving."

The other garage gossip centered on unexpected absences and formidable presences. Fred Lorenzen and Donnie Allison, two of NASCAR's best known veterans, had no rides in the 500, and the promising young driver who had won the race in 1970, Pete Hamilton, was slouching in the shadows hoping for one. "Not just any ride," said Pete. "I've got a good engine business going in Atlanta, and that's keeping me busy. There are only about five really competitive cars here this year—Petty and Buddy Baker, A. J. Foyt, Bobby Isaac and Bobby Allison—and even though I could probably get a lesser ride, I don't want to back into victory."

Despite the drought of money that has hit Hamilton and other drivers, obviously someone was spending on Chevrolets. Though there is no actual factory sponsorship, Chevy is slicing some



Up from the rear comes the STP duo, Petty (43) and Baker (11), to challenge for the lead.

American pie with a levee of drivers including Bobby Allison and Coo Coo Marlin qualifying high in race after race. Foyt was campaigning once again in a Mercury prepared by the Wood Brothers, sponsored this year, and for two more, by Purolator, whose canny, craggy president, a former aviator named Paul Cameron, is probably as tough as Foyt himself. A. J. could be seen from time to time last week urging young boys to get their hair cut and other drivers to give him more of a challenge. Like John Wayne, Foyt has become more than a man: he is now an institution. Last year, bothered by a torn tendon in one arm, he tried cortisone but ultimately healed himself with the same liniment he uses on his quarter horses. "Would you believe it worked?" he chuckled. "Everyone laughed, but by golly it did."

The two 125-mile races that set the field for the big 500 are usually a bit of a drag, but this year they proved memorable—in the worst way possible for motor sports. In the first race, won by pole sitter Bobby Isaac in his quick, steady Dodge, death paid a rare visit to Daytona. After an early yellow caution period, which had been precipitated by James Hylton spinning out on the front straight with a blown engine, the pack went surging through the high banks at the western end of the 2½-mile oval. Coming out of Turn Two a tire blew on a car near the front. A driver right behind saw rubber in the air and figured it to be a complete tire. At 180 mph all images are best regarded as potentially dangerous. He maneuvered to avoid the rubber, another car hit him, another car hit that car and . . . a grinding of metal, a stink of burning rubber and the pale blue smoke of disaster rising in a gentle ribbon all down the back straightaway. In the chain collision, which eliminated 12 cars, a driver from Tennessee named Friday Hassler was killed. He was 36 years old and had four children; his wife was in the stands. Friday's top year had brought him $32,825, and he had never won a big race.

Bobby Allison and his heavy Chevy won the second 125-miler. It was a race unmarred by accidents or yellow flags. Foyt, who offered the only strong challenge during the 50 laps, had a leaky right-front tire—so he said afterward—but was able to stay close, hang tough, psych the opposition and still sit in the front row of the big race. Petty parked with a weary fuel pump and Buddy Baker with a busted cylinder, so Granatelli's dynamic duo was relegated to the 16th row on the grid for the 500—a long way back to be considered a challenge.

Allison delivered a somber and impromptu eulogy for Friday Hassler after the heats had cooled: "Friday was a personal friend of mine since 1959. All these years in racing—it broke my heart. But all I could do was hurt for him." He paused, thinking perhaps of the unspoken question: How do you go out and race after your friend has been killed in the race just previous? "We all know the risks and we have to do it—that's the only way I know how to say it. All I could do was hurt for him."

Race day proved disappointing to any number of people, among them Cornelia Wallace. A virus—might one call it Asian flu?—zonked her on the eve of the big day, and she retired to a hospital bed in Montgomery. Young Bill France drove the pace car in Cornelia's stead, cheered on by both his dad and his dad's presidential candidate.

With the green flag it became evident that Foyt had the most horses. He blew past Isaac with ease, then diced briefly with Allison before establishing his supremacy. The early going was most memorable for the hard charging of Petty and Baker. Starting from their positions far back on the grid, the Day-Glo duo blasted to the fourth and fifth positions within the first four laps. Then on the 19th lap Baker tangled with a Ford driven by rookie Walter Ballard, who lost it in the high banks of Turn Four, flipped onto his roof and skidded a full quarter of a mile while Buddy spun, bent and finished but unhurt, into the infield. During the ensuing caution period, Donohue quietly retired his uncompetitive Matador with a broken pushrod. Oh, well, you're still a good man, Charlie Brown.

Then came the most exciting part of the race, a tit-for-tat duel between Foyt and Petty, with each man seeming to toy with the other while exchanging the lead. By this time Allison was out of contention with a rock through his windshield. The NASCAR-oriented crowd of nearly 100,000 cheered Petty on, but a sense of gloom set in when it became clear that Foyt was merely stringing Richard along. Then, well before the halfway mark, Petty popped a valve spring. Streaming smoke, he wheeled behind the wall to join Isaac, who had retired earlier with ignition trouble. They were followed soon afterward by everybody's wacky favorite, Coo Coo Marlin. Two more minor yellows permitted Foyt to renew his rubber and cement his dominance.

By the time Super Tex took the checkered flag, and the lion's share of the $183,700 in prize money, he had reassured the racing world that Anthony Joseph Foyt Jr. of Houston, Texas is still America's No. 1 hot dog. **END**

Friday Hassler's racer lies grotesquely crumpled after the accident that took his life.



REIGNING CATS AND DOGS

Their Majesties, canine and feline, held court in Madison Square Garden, where super dog and top cat were named this month in the Westminster and Empire shows, respectively



Champion Chinoe's Adamant James, an English springer spaniel, is posed by his handler.

The fancies' most prestigious events, the Westminster Kennel Club's 96th annual dog show and the Empire Cat Club's 55th annual championship show, are the supreme moments to owners, breeders and just plain animal fans, all of whose tribes seem to be increasing. The crowds pressing in for a look at some 400 cats shown in New York's Felt Forum were so great that ushers had to hold them back, and the Westminster last week, with over 3,000 entries, was the biggest since 1939. Dr. Milton E. Prickett's springer spaniel Ch. Chinoe's Adamant James—D.J. to friends—was best for the second year in a row, bringing his total best-in-show wins up to 60. Mrs. O'Hara's Persian, Fanci-Pantz, kitten of the year in 1971, took her 39th across-the-board best. Both the Westminster and the Empire shows offered for sale a number of items to make the lives (and in the case of the Westminster, the deaths) of pets more agreeable. There were special cat vitamins, indoor climbing tree houses, doggy stationery, mobile homes with built-in kennels and, for $10 down, plots in an animal cemetery. Obviously the shows were both a howling success and the cat's meow. —ALICE HIGGINS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAGE





Kilarney's Dolly D'Dey and Ch. Kilarney's Mr. Dublin relax in boudoir.



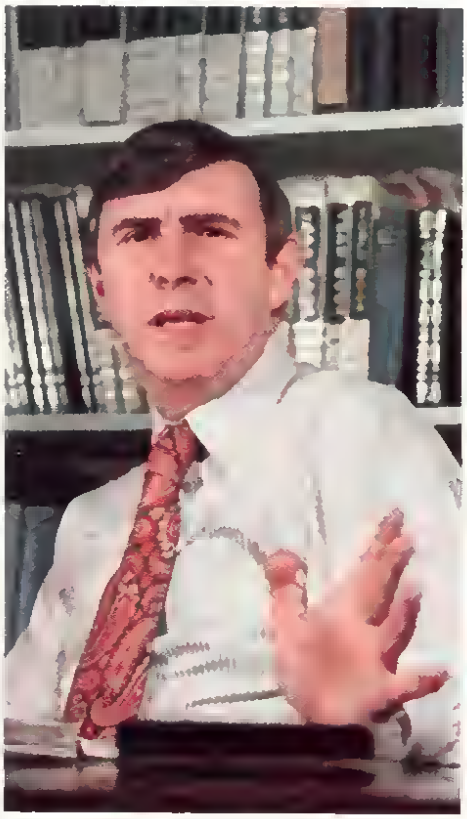
A silver-meckerel tabby, Ch. South Bay Gung-Ho, studies his admirers.

Grand Champion Fanci-Pantz Petti Girl of Araho, a female Persian; inset, Fanci-Pantz with her ribbons and her owner, Mrs. Thomas D'Hara.

BECAUSE A STEERING WHEEL DIDN'T TILT

And for 17 other reasons, a 7' ABA center jumped to the NBA, while the Nets induced Marquette's 6' 11" junior center to sign

by PETER CARRY



Nets Owner Roy Boe got Jim Chones for $1,500,000.



Jim McDaniels, late of the Carolina Cougars, is introduced to new fans in Seattle.

A college president held a 2 a.m. press briefing in Milwaukee, and a 7′ black man, fleeing from oppressive conditions in the South—for one, the steering wheel on his Cadillac didn't tilt —traveled across the country and hid out in three Seattle hotels. Judges in Los Angeles, Greensboro, N.C. and King County, Wash. issued restraining orders. The former lawyer of twice-convicted Teamster boss, Dave Beck, and attorneys for a Hollywood movie-theater mogul closeted themselves for 72 hours, tearing holes in a $1,357,000 contract and writing a new one for $1,500,000. In Milwaukee a nearly penniless college junior succumbed after 10 hours to an ultimatum from a big New York company and wound up a millionaire. All these melodramatic events occurred last week, each one because of a new twist on that old basketball play, the center jump.

One jumping center was 7′ Jim McDaniels, who until last Thursday morning, when he signed with the NBA's Seattle SuperSonics, was a rookie All-Star for the ABA's Carolina Cougars. The other was 6′ 11″ Jim Chones, who had led Marquette to a 21-0 record and a No. 2 national ranking before he agreed to take $1.5 million in cash Thursday night from the ABA's New York Nets.

This season has been basketball's stormiest since the betting scandals 12 years ago, and more bad weather is forecast by the owners of the rival leagues, who in their efforts to get congressional approval for a merger have, in effect, been seeding the clouds and then calling everyone's attention to the rain.

Despite weaknesses in defense and rebounding, McDaniels had been averaging 26.8 points a game for Carolina. He was also whining to his lawyer, Norman Blass, about unfair working conditions, *e.g.*, the unacceptable steering wheel on the Caddy the club bought him.

His dissatisfaction apparently came to a head after last month's ABA All-Star Game. McDaniels led the East to victory in Louisville and set a record for most points scored in a quarter (18), but hometown favorite Dan Issel received the Star of Stars Award. Following the game, McDaniels rejoined the Cougars for a road trip that took them to Dallas, where they ran into the Sonics in the airport. As both teams awaited their flights, McDaniels rapped with Seattle's Spencer Haywood, who last season had left the ABA's Denver Rockets to join the Sonics.

When the Cougars got home, McDaniels got together with the man who had engineered Haywood's move to Seattle, Los Angeles Attorney Al Ross. Ross and McDaniels met with Cougar General Manager Carl Scheer and orally presented 18 complaints, among them a request that a $50,000 bonus be paid McDaniels for the "aggravation" of playing in North Carolina. The Cougars failed to respond immediately, so McDaniels and Ross left for California. There the player's contract was turned over to Sam Schulman, the Sonics' owner and a Hollywood moneyman, and his lawyers went to work.

Five days later the Cougars received a restraining order from an L.A. court prohibiting Ross from discussing McDaniels' future with any team other than Carolina. Tsk, tsk, McDaniels was already playing musical hotel rooms in Seattle while his latest attorney, Dave Beck's old lawyer, Charlie Burdell, hammered out a new contract with the Sonics.

Barely 24 hours after the Seattle signing was announced, the Cougars obtained a restraining order from a Greensboro court, which said McDaniels could not play for any team but Carolina. A few hours later Seattle obtained an order of its own from a Washington court, which said the Cougars were not allowed to bar McDaniels from playing with the Sonics for the next 10 days.

Meanwhile Nets Owner Roy Boe arrived in Milwaukee to negotiate the final details of Chones' contract. By midnight Chones had signed, and at 1:45 a.m. Father John Raynor, S.J., Marquette's president, issued a statement: "We at Marquette University wish Jim every success in his new venture."

Marquette Coach Al McGuire, who last year advised Chones to "take the money and run" as soon as the offers became large enough (a previous $625,000 bid from another ABA team was turned down), accepted the loss of his center—and of his team's chances for a national title—almost as blithely. "I'll just have to take it like he broke a leg and couldn't play anymore," McGuire said.

Chones himself also indicated that the possibility of an injury induced him to take the Nets' offer. He unquestionably needs the money, since his father died two years ago and his mother has been supporting her five other children on a $1.85-per-hour job as a "salad lady."

But even in these turbulent days it is surprising for a college player to quit an undefeated team. The Nets claim Chones contacted them first. Having lost the opportunity last spring to get Julius Erving, another college dropout—he now stars for the Virginia Squires—because of a team policy against signing undergraduates, the Nets were loth to pass up a second windfall.

However, a Milwaukeean close to Chones tells a different story. The ABA will hold the opening rounds of its draft March 2, and New York was awarded a special first-bonus pick because it lost Erving. The Nets informed the other ABA members it intended to draft Chones, but only if he could be signed ahead of time. Chones' lawyer offered a verbal guarantee that Chones would sign as soon as his season ended, but the Nets rejected it, taking the position that since they were prepared to shell out so much money they didn't want to take the risk that Chones would change his mind. At 8 a.m. on Feb. 17, New York made its offer and told Chones he must accept or reject it by 6 p.m. The pressure brought about by the ABA's insistence on holding its draft while the college season is still on brought Chones to the point of crunch before he was ready to arrive there. But the collision was sweet. "When I signed," Chones said, "I heard angels singing and water running off a mountain."

Be that as it may, Chones cannot play anywhere until next season. By signing he is ineligible for college ball, and the ABA has a rule that prohibits a man from competing in both college and pro ball in the same season.

McDaniels' status is less clear. "No way," is the manner in which Seattle Coach Lenny Wilkens describes McDaniels' chances of significantly helping the Sonics this year. Wilkens plans to spot him against weaker teams and then urge him to work on his defense and rebounding during the off season.

"Sam's got a new toy," is how one Seattle reporter described the signing of McDaniels. Schulman may not be the only pro owner with a new plaything in the months ahead. "Until Congress passes the necessary legislation, the intense competition between the ABA and NBA for star players must continue," Boe sophistically intoned last week. But the players are hardly blameless. As the man said, money is the root. **END**

SEE THE PUCKLINGS WOBBLE IN

Words flew faster than greenbacks as the World Hockey Association, a group of rare birds with major league aspirations, drafted Orr, Hull, a state governor and everyone else owning a pair of skates **by MARK MULVOY**

Dayton drafted minor leaguer Billy Orr before Bobby, no kin either by blood or ability. Minnesota picked a former U.S. Olympic hockey player named Wendell Anderson and carefully explained that "he has the type of job where he might become available at any time." Anderson is the Governor of Minnesota. Miami's Lester Patrick kept it all in the family by claiming his brothers Glenn and Craig. Calgary apparently drafted every hockey player in Russia, Czechoslovakia, Sweden and Finland. New England filled its roster with every college player who had won a letter, except perhaps *Love Story's* Oliver Barrett IV. And Quebec picked all the players who could say bonjour.

It was that kind of weekend in a hotel room down the street from Fantasyland in Anaheim, Calif., as the World Hockey Association stocked its 12 franchises with a total of 1,082 players, their names ranging from Jeff Ablett to Wayne Zuk. So now hockey players and governors everywhere await the start of another Great Checkbook War. The lines are drawn. On one side: the established National Hockey League. On the other: the fledgling WHA. In the middle: the 1,082 players. The weapons will be cool green dollars.

So far, however, the WHA has been much talk and little action. Some of the talk has been rich. According to reports from Miami, the Screaming Eagles—yes, that's the name—have offered Boston's Derek Sanderson and Toronto's Bernie Parent the 79th Street Causeway, two hotels on the Beach, 10 seats on the 50-yard line for all football games in the Orange Bowl and more than $500,000 apiece to jump from the NHL to the WHA. Chicago's Bobby Hull supposedly has been guaranteed $1 million to play for the Winnipeg Jets, who presumably would throw in a few dozen snowblowers as a bonus. Toronto's Norm Ullman is rumored off to Edmonton for $125,000 a year, Vancouver's Dale Tallon to Minnesota for $100,000 and Goaltender Ken Dryden from the Montreal Canadiens to the Los Angeles Sharks for $600,000 over four years, 5% of the club's stock and a partnership in the law firm of former California Governor Pat Brown, who is the team's legal counsel but never played Olympic hockey. "I've heard the same story," Dryden says.

The WHA has been in verbal contact with most of the players in the NHL. That means Steve Arnold, the WHA's director of player personnel, drops by the hotels where NHL teams stay on their trips to California and arranges for private chats with as many players as possible. "We'd be crazy not to listen," says one Montreal player. "Besides, if the Canadiens even think I've talked to the WHA, it puts me in a much better bargaining position at contract time."

Converting conversation into WHA dollars is another matter. "Your men can talk all they want," Alan Eagleson, the executive director of the NHL Players Association, told the WHA's owners after the draft. "If your money is green, I'll get you all the NHL players you want. If it isn't, well, forget it." The owners all nodded.

"We welcome such a businesslike approach," said Wild Bill Hunter of the Edmonton Oil Kings.

"Yeah, as long as the players don't ask too much money," Eagleson countered.

"I think the Edmonton branch of the Bank of Montreal is pretty solid," Hunter replied.

"I'm sure the bank is solid," Eagleson said. "I just hope the accounts are solid, too."

Eagleson was laughing then, but he was in an angry mood when he arrived at the draft the night before. "Can you believe it?" he said. "Dennis Murphy [a co-founder of the WHA] has threatened me with an antitrust action. I've told all the players not to sign anything unless they get the money in advance. Hell, the NHL has good credit and always pays its bills. We all know that. But we don't know anything about the WHA."

The WHA is the brainchild of Murphy and Gary Davidson, two Californians who also were instrumental in founding the American Basketball Association. While both men lost money on the ABA venture, they already have made a heavy profit on the WHA. Murphy and Davidson charged a finder's fee of $25,000 apiece for 10 of the WHA franchises and also kept two franchises for themselves and some partners. That is $250,000 for openers. Then, just before the draft meeting, Davidson and his two partners sold their San Francisco franchise to a group from Quebec for $215,000. Davidson neatly stays on as president of the WHA.

Murphy spent most of the draft weekend running about and telling people: "We're gonna make it, we're gonna make it, don't you worry.

"What we may lack in quality next season we'll make up for with parity among the teams and some exciting rules innovations," he added. "We won't have very many of those 7–1 and 9–2 routs that I see here in Los Angeles all the time. Our teams will be pretty evenly matched. And our rules will keep the fans in the building."

The WHA will play sudden-death overtime to break tie scores—10 minutes of overtime, that is, which may not break much. "We'll let them fight, too," Murphy said. The WHA may also eliminate the red line at center ice, to open up the offense. It was even toying with the idea of having goals scored during the last two minutes of a game count double, and maybe using orange pucks. "Hockey has been too blasé for too long," Murphy said. "The game needs some life. And some parity."

Even Clarence Campbell, the president

of the NHL, will admit that. In a secret letter to NHL owners last summer that was leaked to Sports Editor Red Fisher of the *Montreal Star*, Campbell wrote, "Our progress towards parity in the NHL has been very scanty. Indeed . . . the trend has been in the opposite direction." Consider the bare statistics. In 1967-68, when the NHL first expanded, the new teams won one of every 3.6 games against the Establishment. However, in the first half of this 1971-72 season, the new teams won only one of every 6.6 games against the old clubs. "Who wants to see his team lose every night?" Murphy said.

DRAWING BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

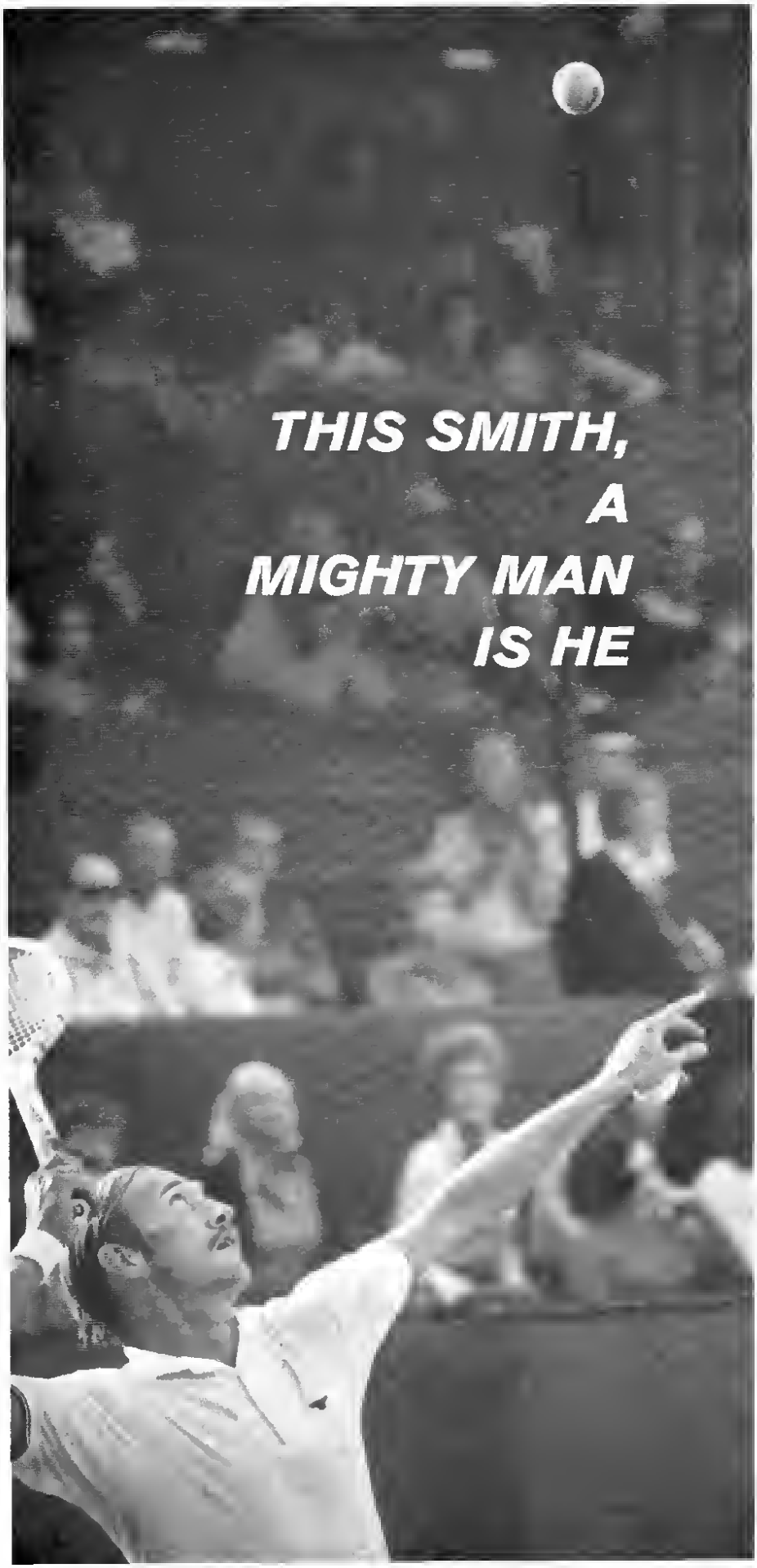


Despite Murphy's optimism, there are still serious hurdles confronting the WHA. For one thing, as the week ended, the league had not talked even one player—NHL, minor league or amateur—into signing a contract. For another, many NHL players are skeptical about the WHA's financial staying power. "Most people don't give us credit for having too many brains," one said, "but when it comes to money, to the green stuff, we're all wizards." Then there is the question of what happens if the WHA starts play in October, as it intends to, but folds in November. "Say you leave Boston or New York to play for Miami and then the WHA collapses," a player said. "The NHL will take you back, sure, but you'll end up in Pittsburgh or Oakland. And that's something to worry about."

Still, the WHA seems certain to operate in October, although it may not be able to count on all 12 franchises that drafted players in Anaheim. Not surprisingly, the soundest operations appear to be in Canada. Hardened hockey men well schooled in the way of pinching pennies control those franchises. "We've got an operating budget of about $1.4 million for the first year," said Wild Bill Hunter, "and we expect to have a deficit of about $300,000."

Minnesota, New England and Dayton all seem likely to survive in the United States, but the Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami and New York franchises appear to be shaky. In Chicago, the Cougars have not found a suitable arena for their games and may be moving to Indianapolis or Louisville. Los Angeles could end up where Chicago doesn't. In Miami the new rink right now has only two walls. In New York the WHA team has contracted to play its 40-game schedule at Madison Square Garden. To break even, considering the reported $25,000 minimum nightly rental for the Garden, the New York team will have to draw at least 10,000 fans a game. And there will be two NHL teams—the Rangers and the new Islanders—in the New York area for competition.

Maybe New York should have drafted Nelson Rockefeller. He's the governor—and a man of means. And with his job, he might become available at any time. **END**



THIS SMITH, A MIGHTY MAN IS HE

And every day he gets better. The neme may lack the ring of Budge and Kramer, but Smith (Stan) has suddenly become most uncommon

by ***FRANK DEFORD***

For all those who complain that the news media are inclined to report only the nasty things in life, who moan that the vast majority of young people are decent sorts who do not mug, maim or murder, nor snort drugs, nor wear ratty clothes, but they don't ever get their names in the newspapers—well, here is equal time. Break out the Dr Peppers, call the fellows at the lodge, stick on another Old Glory decal and start a mail campaign to demand that the *Reader's Digest* reprint this article. Yes, at last, now for the good news:

Stan Smith.

Among other things, Stan Smith is deeply religious, God-fearing, temperate and disciplined, a true sportsman, a respectful loving son and a self-made champion whose "corny dream" is to build and manage his own YMCA. John Calvin would be proud of him. Despite a somewhat limited schedule last year, as befits a Specialist Fourth Class in the U.S. Army, Smith made some $90,000 in prize money, endorsed products for Wilson, Sportface, Pro-Keds, Vabollin and Golden Eagle, and was otherwise affiliated with an insurance agency, Pepsi and the tennis club at Hilton Head, S.C. Obviously, there is still a healthy market for wholesomeness, at least when it resides within greatness.

The fact is that because Daniel Ellsberg does not work for the USLTA, it

is still pretty much of a state secret that this serene, assured young man from Pasadena named Smith is arguably the best American tennis player. At 25 he is also the youngest of the very top-flight players in the world, so that before much longer he should become the first undisputed American world champion since Kramer and Gonzales. Furthermore, he and tennis appear to be reaching their peaks at the same time, a provident coincidence that could make Smith the most famous and best-paid athlete in the world in just a few more years. That may sound fanciful, but Smith always rides a collision course with luck. "Being in the right spot at the right time is the name of my game," he says. "I know it. But then you start thinking you're lucky, and you end up being lucky, and you change the whole pattern of your life."

If Smith is too controlled and colorless ever to emerge as a really engaging public personality, he certainly will make a different kind of champion. He can, for example, easily produce a statement such as this: "So let's say I become a millionaire. Is that going to make me happy? I don't think the satisfaction of accomplishment can make me happy either. There must be more, and, for me, living for something else besides money and success is living for Christ and what he has taught." Yet Smith is no stuffy moralist, middle-aged before his time. As his father is quick to explain: "Stan belongs to Athletes in Action . . . for Christ and was always involved in that sort of thing. Of course, now, he was never overdoing it."

Although Smith is not going to dance around with lampshades on his head, he is not going to pass up a few beers and a leggy brunette for vespers either. This has not always been the case. As a teen-ager, he was too much of a zealot, unyielding, unable to laugh at himself, somewhat intolerant of other people's styles.

Bob Lutz, Smith's doubles partner for several years, is an entirely different type—short and stocky, breezy and saucy. People have naturally assumed that because they played together so well for so long, they must be close. "I played with him for five years, but we hardly knew each other," Lutz says. "Even when I roomed with him, I only met him on the court. Stan used to get so worried about the way I lived that sometimes I think it hurt his own game.

"He was never shy, just independent in his own way. He didn't want to associate with the guys. He kept to himself. He'd look down on others sometimes because he thought his way of training was the only way, best for everyone. We'd all go out, he'd stay in his room and jump rope. A lot of the guys were always making fun of him, but that never seemed to bother him. Now Stan is more open, more hang-loose. He does what he thinks he should do, not what someone else has told him to do."

At a tournament in Las Vegas a couple of years ago, Lutz was lounging at poolside with a girl friend who was working on a new banana daiquiri. It was a viciously hot day and Smith had just come off the court. He inquired what Lutz' young lady was drinking. Lutz said it was a fruit drink, whereupon Smith grabbed the glass and tossed the daiquiri down. "All of a sudden," Lutz says, "he's giggling and running around, and he runs up on the high board, and dives off and lands about this far from the side of the pool, from the cement.

"Stan's girl was delighted. She was always asking me to loosen him up for her. She runs over to me and says, 'Gee, thanks for finally loosening him up, Bob.' I said, 'Yeah, I'm glad I loosened him up, but I don't want to kill him.' "

"All my relationships with girls have been shaped by tennis," Smith says. "I've always regretted that I've never been in the same place long enough so that I could build up more normal relationships with girls, or groups of guys. I always regret when I come back home that I can't stick around to see old friends."

Yet compared to most good tennis players, Smith did not dedicate himself to the game until late, when he was already into his teens. Contrary to the general theory, Smith's tardy conversion to tennis almost surely has worked to his advantage—which he recognizes. "Most American players played tennis from the time they were seven years old," Smith says. "But all they ever did was play it. They just hit a million tennis balls. They weren't really athletes. Australians, for instance, always are athletes who just happen to play tennis."

And Smith is an athlete, competitive but cool. "I think a lot of it comes from the team-sport influence," he says. "You don't see basketball or football players getting upset at themselves and throwing tantrums." He has always been uncomplicated and straightforward; until he grew his big bushy mustache last year there were no frills at all about him. His eyes are the blue surface of those still waters that run deep, and his hair has always stayed blond, in or out of the sun. He is a rangy man, his six feet four inches perfectly proportioned, and only the family nose that meanders down his face like an Allegheny ridge prevents him from being really good looking.

Because Smith was not winning tournaments in infancy, the fable has grown that he was clumsy and ungainly as a young teen-ager. It is a nice little story, the sort of thing parents can tell their

continued



SMITH RELAXES AT HOME WITH HIS PARENTS, WHO ENCOURAGED WITHOUT PUSHING

clumsy children—Bill Stern probably would have made Stan a former March of Dimes poster boy by now—but it is so much hogwash. He was always an excellent athlete in a family of good athletes.

Stan was the youngest of three boys. His father, an Eagle Scout who originally came from Lincoln, Neb., coached basketball and the carryover sports—tennis, skiing, swimming and golf—at Pasadena City College before his growing family placed too many demands on that salary, and he moved into real estate while Stan was still quite young. Ken Smith is an open, almost garrulous man, sure and positive, but, although he was a coach, he never forced his boys into sports or interfered with their coaches. Curiously, the one thing the Smiths did force Stan into was the piano. It didn't take. Although Mr. and Mrs. Smith encouraged athletic participation, it was in much the same way that they brought Presbyterianism to the attention of the boys. Mr. Smith would pack the whole family into the station wagon, for example, and they would take off for the 800-mile trip to Idaho to go skiing. Or Mrs. Smith, who is from Niagara Falls (the clincher for the *Reader's Digest*· This makes Stan a blue-eyed blond WASP named Smith, by Lincoln out of Niagara), often would haul her youngest son around to tennis tournaments. He saved his best for baseball and basketball, though, and as a senior at Pasadena High was a starting 6′ 3″ guard on a team that included Jim Marsh, who now plays for the Portland Trail Blazers, and Bill Sweek, a regular on some of the UCLA championship teams.

While basketball remained "my first love" with Smith, the late Perry Jones, pooh-bah of Southern California tennis and a gentleman who was not given to equivocation, was sprinkling stardust. "Young man, I'll make a champion out of you," he promised; and Smith knew no one anywhere near so ebullient about his basketball future. "Shoot, I never even played varsity basketball for a full year in high school," he says. "Of course, the better I get in tennis, the better I become in basketball. If I ever win at Wimbledon, I think they'll make me an All-America in basketball."

Smith tried to compromise in his senior year, skipping two basketball practices a week, but it would not work, and at last he knew he had to choose. It was a weekend, still early in the season. "He put it off till Sunday night," his father recalls. "That was as long as he could. He was crying when he finally called up the basketball coach and told him he was through. He was actually crying." As far as anybody can remember, it was the only crisis in his life.

He began practicing two to four hours every day under Jones and George Toley, the pro at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. Toley is also the coach at Southern California and eventually he decided to give Stan—and not Ray Moore, the South African—USC's one allotted tennis scholarship. "Stan wasn't clumsy at all," Toley says. "He looked a little stiff, but he moved well. Anyone could see that it wasn't a matter of ability. He just didn't have the knowledge. As far as he is personally concerned, it is somewhat the same story. He's a great human being, but he was never loose, on or off the court. He worked so at his lessons, and his tennis, and what time he had left over he gave to working with the Big Brothers. He never had much time to have fun. I guess Stan had just never learned how to have fun."

Smith won the U.S. Juniors (18 and under) that year at Kalamazoo, but it was his luck at this point to go virtually unrecognized. In this respect he resembles Don Budge, another late refugee from basketball and baseball who was also overlooked when he won at Kalamazoo. In 1964, when Smith won, the U.S. seemed well stocked with tennis talent. Chuck McKinley was still playing, Dennis Ralston had been ordained the next Budge, Arthur Ashe was already No. 3, and players like Clark Graebner and Charlie Pasarell were visible in the wings. Cliff Richey, not Smith, was reckoned the best teen-age phenom.

As a consequence, as the U.S. teams contrived to pile disaster upon catastrophe in the next four years, losing first to Australia, then Spain, then Brazil, then Ecuador, Smith was spared any association with the ignominy. With consummate timing, Smith made his first appearance in a Challenge Round in 1968 in the very match that clinched the U.S. its first Davis Cup in five years. Smith is 4-0 in singles, 3-1 in doubles, 7-1 all told in his first four Challenge Rounds, all of which were American victories. Only Bill Tilden (10-1), Ted Schroeder (8-1) and Bill Johnston (8-1) had better records in their first four Challenge Rounds.

Since he came to attention late, Smith also avoided the albatross of being declared the long-lost savior of U.S. ten-

continued

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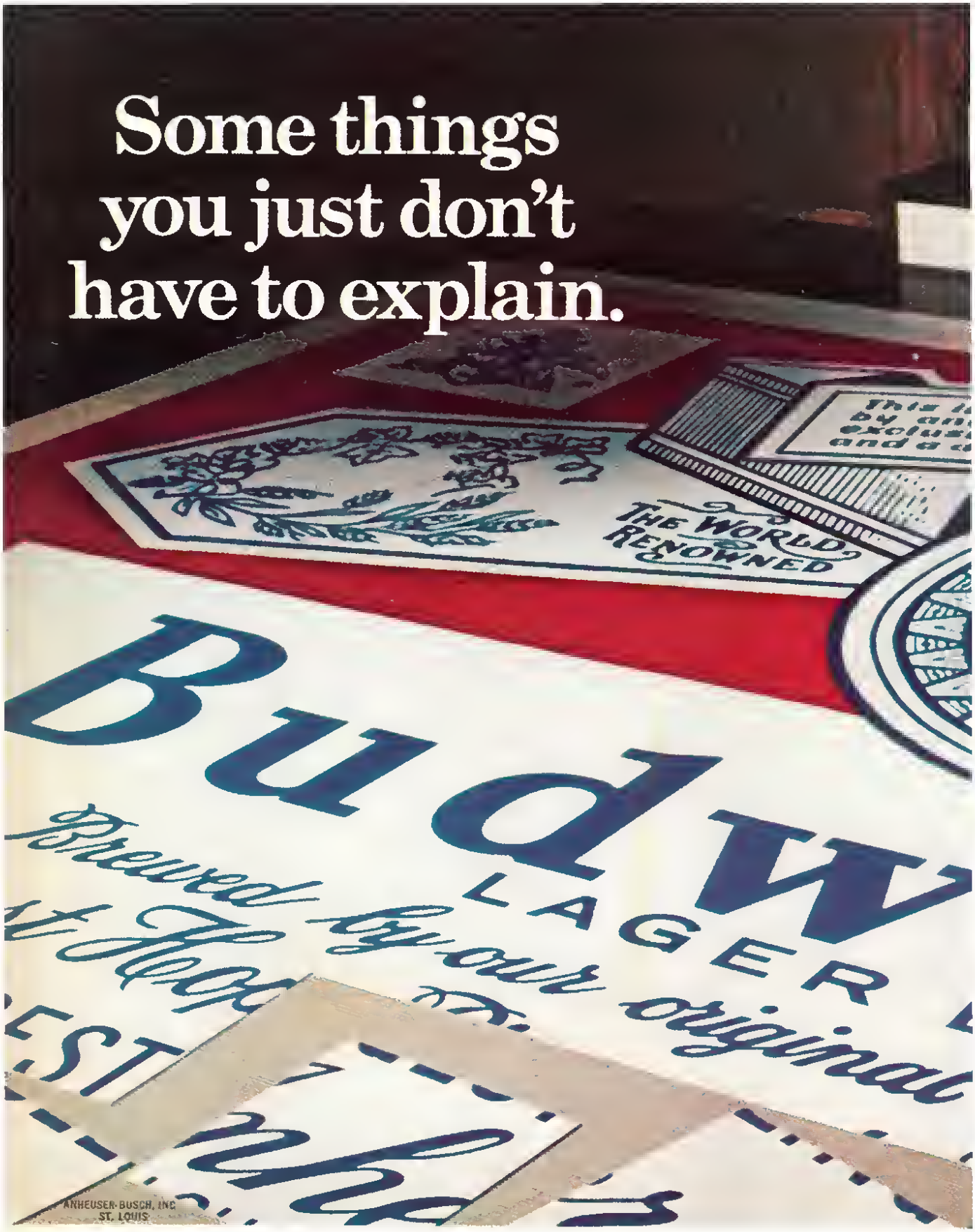
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nis, a premature tag that dragged most of our best young hopes to an early demise. For that matter, Smith never even received recognition after he truly began to deserve it, all the interest continuing to center on Ashe. "Most people still think Arthur's No. 1 and I'm the guy playing doubles with Lutz," Smith says, shrugging.

Even last year, when he lost to John Newcombe in the finals of Wimbledon and then won at Forest Hills, the press never really came to grips with Smith, the player, because everyone was so busy exposing the fact that he was a private in the U.S. Army who did very little soldiering. This is all very true, too, and if you have any complaints, write your Congressman or General Westmoreland. Pasarell had essentially the same sort of military arrangement. The only difference seems to be that, as Smith points out, Pasarell was clever enough not to win at Forest Hills while in the U.S. Army.

Smith has, presumably, served the Army best by giving it some good publicity for a change. With utter sincerity, he goes around telling people that he liked basic training, and he completely discombobulated a brigadier in the Pentagon by telling him the same thing. Nonetheless, Smith will be separated from the service sometime late this year, at which time he will probably enlist with Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis.

He could never get top dollar for himself in the days when amateur tennis was cash-and-carry—"I'm just not that kind of salesman," Stan says—but now that the money is placed on top of the table he looms as a formidable negotiator. Right now he keeps mum. In the battle of tennis organizations, where the status quo runs like an American railroad, it would be foolhardy to make any early commitment. Besides, if Smith does something like lead the U.S. to another Davis Cup title and win Wimbledon, he would be coming out of the Army the hottest property since Elvis Presley.

Actually, he probably should have won Wimbledon last year. "It's funny," he says, "how each step up has so much to do with confidence. I remember the first thing I ever wanted to do in tennis was win the club championship in Altadena. There were two players I had to beat, and at last I did. Each time along the way I thought that I couldn't do it this time. Shoot, even when I quit basketball, I never thought of tennis in terms of a career. I remember my senior year in high school I told a girl that my big dream was to make the Davis Cup team, and go to Australia and help win the cup back. And I remember, I was a little embarrassed after telling her, because I thought that was a great deal to have in mind.

"But it all just kept falling into place, and here I am again with two players to beat, and the two players are Newcombe and Laver.

"So when I was ahead of John in the fourth set of the finals at Wimbledon, I started thinking, shoot, I've just about won the world's championship. So I started thinking about my victory speech and all the clever things that I could say to the reporters. You see, if you've never been somewhere before, you don't know how you're going to feel at a certain point. You start having these feelings, and because they're new, you think about your feelings and not about the match."

Only rarely does Smith beat himself, however, and his game is so complete that no one type of player can upset him. Most players believe that Smith is most vulnerable with his forehand, but they also might be conning themselves into hitting to a historical deficiency that no longer exists. "Mechanically, Stan's forehand drive was always O.K., but his volley was atrocious," says George Toley. "It was stiff, so we worked on that, but I let the drive alone. Then in his sophomore year I was watching him rally one day—I remember it was after the Stanford match—and the longer I watched I knew I had to step in. Stan could hit a wide forehand drive with real abandon, but the way he hit, his wrist was too tight, and he was dead in close. He had to learn to loosen up his wrist."

Typically, Smith was completely cooperative with what was a major change in his stroke. It was the equivalent, say, of an overarm pitcher with an 18-12 record learning to throw only sidearm on the chance he might win 20. "Within three to four months," Toley says, "his new forehand had gotten as good as his old one, and, not long after that, it surpassed the backhand. It's better than his backhand now—I don't care what anyone says."

During this period of adjustment, Smith was able to keep on winning mostly because he can both serve and return serve so well. He has the power of a big man and he can also apply pace to the ball at either end of the service. And although tireless retrieving is a quality usually reserved for gritty little players, Smith is a tireless retriever.

"I think tall guys like Stan may generally take longer to develop," Jack Kramer says. "He's awfully wristy, and it takes time to master those shots, the kind that open a court up for you."

Yet for all his mechanical talent, Smith's ability to concentrate and scheme under pressure may be his biggest edge. He wins about 85% of his tiebreakers, a figure no other player approaches. The guy dealing three-card monte doesn't have to be a con man: he comes to the table with 2-to-1 odds and is bound to win if he just keeps his cool and mixes them up a little. Smith goes at tiebreakers that way. Vic Braden, a top teaching professional who is also a psychologist, says: "Stan is a lot like Kramer in the sense that he is able to put all external stimuli aside on the court. He does not permit himself to get involved in emotional issues out there."

Physical issues, either. With a certain amount of wonder in his voice, Toley relates the story of how Smith played an atrocious match one year at the NCAAs. "He wasn't moving, he wasn't hitting, he was lucky to win. We went back to the hotel together. I contained myself until we were alone in our room. We were rooming together because Lutz snored. Well, I read Stan the riot act. I must have gone on 15 minutes. He never said a word until I was through, and then, very softly, he told me that he had sprained his ankle out there early in the first set. He had never said anything, and he had never even limped."

Even now Smith is about as revealing as a sphinx on the court. He will permit himself an occasional sardonic smile and he will grin self-consciously when his height permits him to reach a high shot, but otherwise he seems to have but one nervous reflex. After any routine point, Smith will flick his hair back; should he produce an especially good shot, one that is followed by a fair amount of applause, he will take time to brush his hair more carefully. The gesture is unconscious. It is just something to do with his hands while the crowd cheers him.

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Smith has been so guiltless of any form of unsportsmanlike behavior that his coaches have had to regularly caution him about giving every close call to an opponent. "I'll tell you," Stan's father says, delighted to be bewildered, "this boy—sometimes his mother and I just don't know where he got all his morals. He's a fine player, but he's a finer boy. Mrs. Smith and I just don't know sometimes."

The Smiths have recently moved from Pasadena, leaving behind the house that Stan grew up in. The older boys are married, with families, and Stan has a villa in Hilton Head, where he is the name pro. For the next decade or so, until he settles down with his YMCA, he will not be much of anywhere for any length of time. He will merely be playing all over. Smith is the most reasonable facsimile of an Australian that the U.S. has ever produced, and once Australians get to the top they hang on relentlessly. There is no reason to expect the American variation to do otherwise.

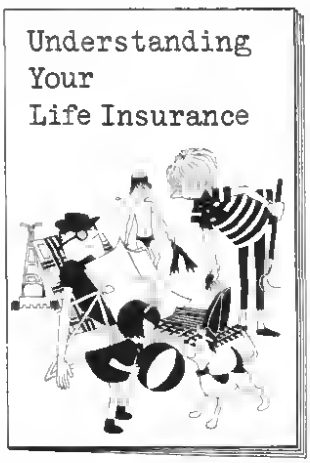
George Toley has been recognized as one of the top teaching pros in the world for more than a quarter of a century, and he has coached many of the very best. For Toley, Stan Smith is just part of the parade, so he can speak of him dispassionately. "Once Stan gets on top, he'll be that much more superior," Toley says, almost matter-of-factly. "He has such consistency, and that factor is requisite if you are to make the top and then if you are to stay there. A lot of people can play tennis very well. What determines consistency, what keeps a man from being an in-and-outer, is temperament. You see the ones with it, from Budge to Laver—all of them. And Stan.

"You watch this one thing. I've seen it for years. He'll be behind and he cannot break back. There is no evidence that he is capable of breaking back. And then, when the other fellow is serving for the match—when Stan is down to his last chance—Stan will break him. I've seen it over and over. Oh, there's no doubt in my mind that he'll be the best in the world. There's no doubt in my mind about that."

Last week, in the finals of the U.S. Indoor Open Championship in Salisbury, Md.—Stan's second tournament of the year—he came from behind to beat Ilie Nastase. The year is only two months and $9,000 old. **END**

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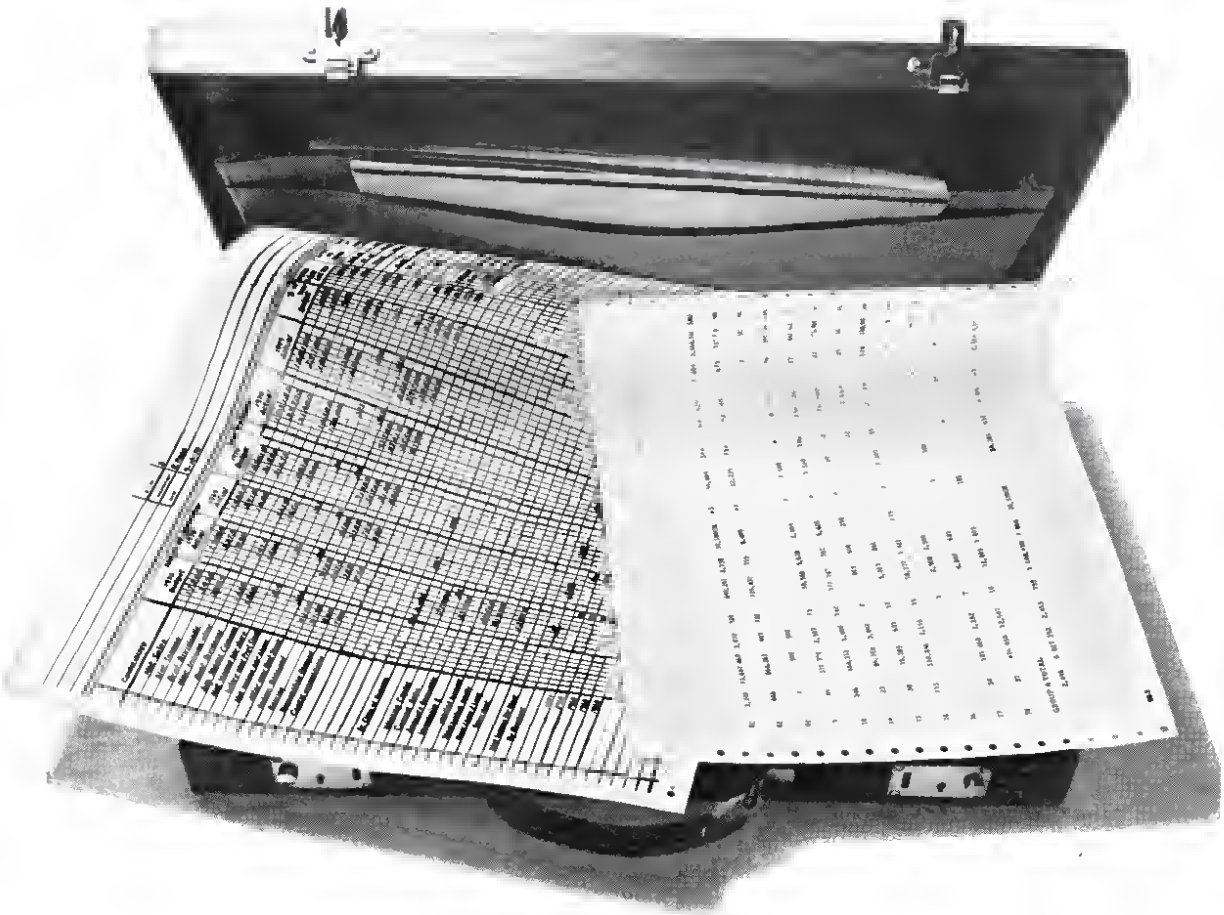
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The golfer is yet to be invented who wouldn't give up o yeor of Sunday morning starting times if he could just hove bock one shot, one disoster, to play again—this time the right way. Doubtless bad luck or o bod swing or spurious thinking produced the wretched thing, but only on even worse shot, yet to come, will erase the memory of it. Or maybe recalling Arnold Polmer's celebrated bunker shot exploding clear over the 18th green to cast him the 1961 Masters. The wrongoes, of course, can happen to anybody, to the big stars or to the lesser-known pros like Jim Jomieson, whose hopes for his first tournament win went crashing in the Robinson Classic last year, and Pete Brown, struggling (below) to win the 1971 Greensboro Open. Here the players who hit them help Artist Francis Golden re-create a gallery of golfing goofs from last year's pro tour, the ones thot proved almost unbearably costly. The solid line shows where the shot went ostroy, the dotted line where it should have gone; in text, the pros explain how things got that bad.—GWILYM S. BROWN



Pete Brown (No. 17, Sedgefield CC, Final Round, Greater Greensboro Open) "There were only two holes left to play and the scoreboard by the green said I was a shot back of the lead, so I thought I'd better go for the pin and a birdie. I'd hit a good drive and had about a 100-yard wedge shot to the pin, tucked in very close behind a bunker on the left. It was a tight shot and I didn't quite make it. The ball hit in the sand three or four inches from the far end and I made a bogey. But the scoreboard was wrong, I was actually tied for the lead. If I'd known that I certainly would have played safely to the right of the bunker where there was plenty of open green. Then I still would have had only a putt for my birdie, probably no longer than 15 feet. But instead of tying or winning, I missed the playoff by a shot. Well, you're not supposed to look at the scoreboard anyway. That may have been my real mistake."



Bob Lunn (No. 9, Quail Hollow CC Final Round, Kemper Open) "I was playing well, had made eight straight pars and was leading the tournament when I came to the 9th hole, a short par 5. Trouble was it was threatening rain. I could hear thunder and see lightning off in the distance and both made me nervous. Obviously, I should have settled down and taken a practice swing. But I rushed into my tee shot before I was really ready. As is usual when I rush things, I pulled the shot off to the left, this time under a tree. I had to chip out, and I followed this with a two-iron into a trap and ended up with a bogey on a hole that is just as easy to birdie. I lost my momentum right there and wound up losing the tournament by two shots. If I'd had a chance to hit that drive again I'd have taken my time, taken a smooth practice swing and probably hit my drive down the middle, scoring a par at the worst. I'm sure I would have kept my confidence. The chances are I would have gone on to win, too."



Jim Jamieson (No. 3 Crawford County CC, Final Round, Robinson Open) "Because of a rain delay we had to play 36 holes on the final day, and in the morning I'd gone into the lead with a 64. After two holes in the afternoon I was still a bunch under par and had a great chance to win my first ever PGA event. Then on the 3rd hole, a par 5, I pushed my drive off to the right. I couldn't hit straight for the green because there was a low, bushy tree just up ahead blocking my line. So with a four-wood I tried to hit a low shot out to the left that would fade around the tree and land in front of the green. Unfortunately, the ball went dead straight. It bounced into the left rough, hit a boundary stake and kicked out of bounds. I decided to hit the same low four-wood again and this time, a little late, the fade took. But where I might have had a birdie, I had to sink a 35-foot putt merely to make a bogey. If the fade had worked the first time around I might have won my first tournament."



Jack Nicklaus (No. 15, Augusta National, Final Round, Masters) "My drive was in perfect position, slightly left of center and 224 yards from the green. Normally, I would have needed a two- or three-iron to get home. Unfortunately, I couldn't use either club. The ball had rolled into a fluffy patch of rye grass. I knew that out of that lie I'd never be able to stop the ball on the green with a two- or three-iron. I had no choice but to hit a four-iron safely to the right of the green, into the crowd. From there I chipped 15 feet by the hole and made a par 5. I had been playing well and really felt confident. With a decent lie I could have made a birdie 4 for sure and maybe even an eagle 3. I finished the tournament tied with John Miller, two shots back of Charles Coody. Had my drive ended up just a foot from where it did, I might have been able to hit the shot that would have won the tournament."

John Miller (No. 16, Augusta National, Final Round, Masters) "I'd just missed a birdie on the 15th but I was still a shot in front of Charles Coody playing the par-3 16th. I wanted to add to my lead. The pin was set well back on the right, next to the bunker, and I decided to go for it. Well, the ball hit 10 feet to the right of the pin and bounced into the sand. I blasted out and made the bogey that really put me out of the tournament, because Coody birdied the hole a few minutes later. It was a bad percentage play and probably my big mistake of the '71 Masters. The shot I should have played was safely left of the pin. I would have had, at worst, about a 20-foot putt. Who knows, maybe I would have made it. Even if I'd just parred the hole I would have still been tied for the lead and in great shape. But I tried for a bad percentage shot and I finished up losing the Masters by two strokes. The 16th was what did me in."





Art Wall (No. 18, Rancho Park GC, Final Round, Glen Campbell-Los Angeles Open) "I was tied for the lead with Bob Lunn and Billy Casper playing the last hole. Unhappily, my approach left me about 35 feet above the pin. I figured it was a pretty fast putt, but I felt great inside, not nervous or insecure, and maybe that was misleading. I knew the instant my putter hit the ball that the putt wasn't going to be a good one. I must have been anxious about hitting it too hard. I looked up and came off the ball. It stopped five feet short and I really never had much of a chance to make this tough second putt. If I had it to do over again I'd make a much stronger effort to keep my head down, to watch the putter head hit the ball. I missed even the playoff. If I'd been able to win at L.A. it would have saved me from having to prequalify all year. If I'd hit a good putt it could have changed my entire season."

George Archer (No. 13, Merion GC, Final Round, U.S. Open) "Coming to the par-3 13th I was playing very well and was only about two or three shots out of the lead. With a couple of breaks I figured I had a chance. The 13th was a hole I'd already birdied twice. I figured to be about 125 yards from the pin. An easy nine-iron, which was what I'd been using on this hole, seemed about right. And as soon as I hit it I knew that it was a beauty. I was really licking my chops. What happened? The ball hit way on the back edge of the green and bounced over into a sand trap. I blasted out, then missed a 12-foot putt from above the hole. The bogey there ended whatever chance I had. What I hadn't taken into account was the temperature. It was a warm day and maybe the ball went farther than it should have. Obviously I should have used a pitching wedge. Boy, I'd sure like to have that one to do over again."

COLLEGE BASKETBALL / Curry Kirkpatrick



Ed Ratleff, scoring against Pacific, leads a strong Long Beach team that has been unfairly accused of every sin under basketball's sun

Wanted! (but not much)

Somewhere in Southern California, among all the offshore oil rigs and parked cars, there is another basketball team with an alphabet name and some solid credentials. For dependability and success, everybody likes UCLA. For fun and mystery they go for CSCLB.

According to rival coaches, the 49ers of the California State College at Long Beach are not all that hard to find. They are the ones with hands out, heads down, in trouble, on WANTED posters and behind bars. The 49ers don't have skeletons in the closet, it is said, they are the skeletons in the closet.

This is all exaggerated nonsense but just the sort of thing expected from people who get beaten as much as the opponents of Cal State, Long Beach do. Coach Jerry Tarkanian, the friendly Armenian, cheats no more or any less on scholarships, grades, schedules, recruiting and game tactics than do others connected with big-time sports. What hurts is the remarkable success he has had with minority athletes. He has, well, that touch, and not only do his teams shoot, they rebound and defend far better than college boys are expected to. They are big, strong, mean-looking, and they scare, like the Triffids of science fiction.

Tarkanian, whose starters average an imposing 6′ 7″, has been looking for a backcourt leader all season. Who did he come up with? Mothra? Wolfman? Richard Speck? Charles Manson? No. He just moved his versatile Ed Ratleff to the point, where he could run the offense as well as lead the scoring.

For a short period of time this development did not work out so well, and Long Beach lost a couple of games in its secluded conference, the Pacific Coast Athletic Association. "When the refs think you're gangsters, you don't get any breaks," Tarkanian says.

Going into last week, fear of similar performances had made the coach even more nervous than usual. He shouldn't have been. Beaten on the boards in their last four league games, the 49ers Thursday rebounded with fierce determination while destroying San Jose 88–51. Two days later they avenged an earlier loss to Pacific with an 86–62 victory when their double punch of Ratleff and 6′ 6″ Chuck Terry led a second-half spurt that put the game away. The victory gave the 49ers a 21-3 record, a two-game lead in the PCAA and virtually assured them of a spot in the NCAA playoffs for the third consecutive year.

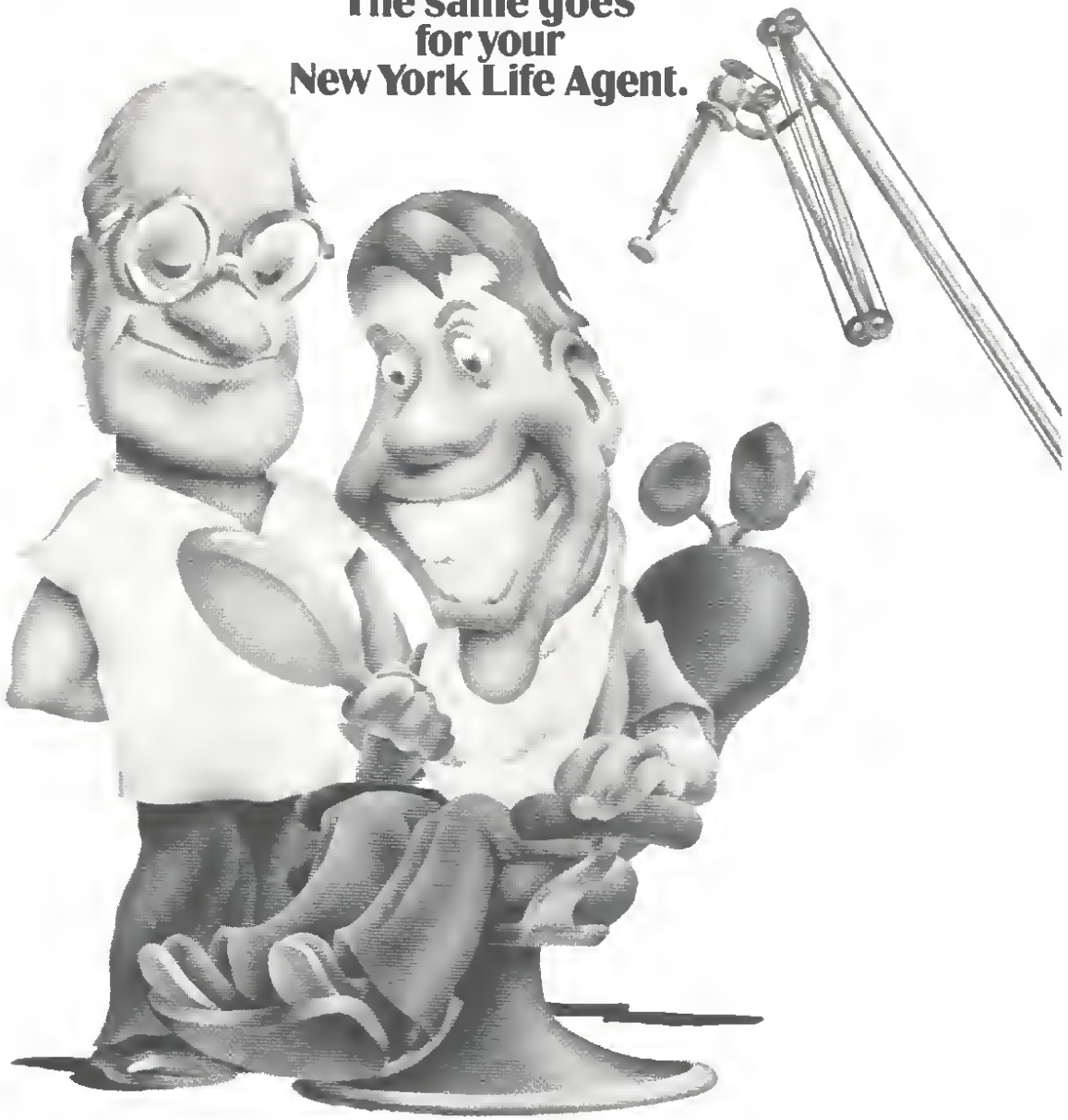
The league—like the school itself—deserves less anonymity. The basketball programs at the seven member schools have far outgrown the playing facilities, which feature cramped suffocation pits of wooden bleachers and no backrests. The teams that they spawned, though, are not made of junk. This season San Jose State defeated California of the PAC Eight. San Diego State beat Nebraska of the Big Eight. Pacific slaughtered Washington. And Cal State, L.A., one of the weak teams in the conference, ripped apart Southwestern Louisiana.

Most of this might have gone unnoticed were it not for the breakthrough made by Long Beach in the West Regional last March when the 49ers had

continued

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UCLA staggered before Ratleff fouled out and they lost, 57–55. Tarkanian has won 92 games since arriving at CSCLB in 1968, yet it wasn't until the middle of last season that his 49ers received national recognition. Even Long Beach, with 29,000 students, ignored the new coach. Given neither private office nor private secretary, he found himself almost without private funds when the school refused to reimburse him for a flat tire suffered while driving his players to a game. Tarkanian's future, as a result, may lie elsewhere, perhaps at Arizona State. If he leaves, Ratleff surely will go, too, most likely to accept one of the startling pro offers being dangled at him last week.

Before they go, though, the two lame ducks would love another shot at UCLA. Their aim would be straighter were it not for illness and personnel problems. Terry, who has had a touch of mononucleosis all season and lost 18 pounds, finally broke a year-long shooting slump last week when he scored 44 points while playing his good defense.

Other players have not been so fortunate. One, in the midst of his own 16 for 61 shooting famine, criticized Ratleff for gunning. Some others have grumbled about playing time. "We got too many dudes who can do it," says 6′ 11″ Nate Stephens, in a capsule analysis. "We got to stop hating each other."

One dude the 49ers have been careful not to hate is 6′ 8″, 245-pound Leonard Gray, a transfer from Kansas. Extremely quick and aggressive, Gray is an intimidator of no small measure. Since becoming eligible at midterm, he has averaged 14 points and seven rebounds. Also, he has fouled out three times in six games with a set of moves normally associated with an executioner. Recently, against San Diego State, the big man went into the air to halt a lay up. Though he cleanly blocked the ball, he also blocked his opponent's face, stomach and legs and nearly buried him in the floor, where smelling salts were administered. "Leonard is my pride and joy," says Tarkanian. "He brings instant happiness when I watch him. A very vicious rebounder."

In the 49ers' 1-2-2 offense, Gray sets up in a low post opposite the wandering Stephens, who has been through so many campuses that one local journalist calls him the Marco Polo of basketball.

During his redshirt year, after transferring from Creighton, Stephens lived up to advance notice by being, as Tarkanian puts it, "a miserable goof-off." He was involved in a fight with Ratleff, avoided classes with a passion and became so enthralled with sleep he was in danger of fading into extreme catatonia. It is particularly difficult to keep Stephens awake when it rains. "When I hear raindrops," says Stephens, "it's nice and cool and dark outside. I'm in Slumbersville. Ain't nobody getting me up." Over the summer, however, Tarkanian got Stephens a position as a garbage collector "to build up his arms," and ever since, says the coach, "Nate has done everything we've asked of him." This



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has included averaging 13 points and 11 rebounds a game and, last week, holding in check Pacific's John Gianelli, who humiliated him in their first meeting.

"I really go hard on him," says Tarkanian. "I wonder if he likes me. Ask him if he likes me." Forget Nate; the question is, does Leonard Gray like him?

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

SOUTH Maryland's Lefty Driesell entered to the strains of the *Hallelujah Chorus* and departed in a shouting match with a North Carolina assistant coach. In between, his Terrapins pulled out a 79–77 overtime victory that ended a personal seven-game losing record against the Tar Heels. Tom McMillen, who never sat down, scored 27 points, but it was Howard White who saved the day. He scored six points in overtime after choking on three one-and-one situations in regulation play. Afterward McMillen, who had come within a jump shot of enrolling at Carolina, embraced Driesell and told a reporter, "I know how much this win means to Lefty. I'm glad I helped him get it."

The Tar Heels came back to rout Notre Dame 99–74 and spoil the New York return of former Fordham miracle man Digger Phelps. Duke stirred the Atlantic Coast Conference race by upsetting Virginia 86–76 after losing to Southern Conference leader Davidson 74–72, and South Carolina had a frightful road trip, barely beating Nevada-Las Vegas 84–81 and losing 95–85 to Houston.

Adolph Rupp called it his team's best game of the year after Kentucky bombed Florida 95–68, but Tennessee remained in SEC contention by edging Georgia 71–68. Florida State destroyed Georgia Tech 108–50, and Southwestern Louisiana continued big with three 100-plus games, all wins.

1. N. C. (18-3). 2. SW. LOUISIANA (20-2)

WEST That favorite West Coast guessing game continued last week with California Coach Jim Padgett picking Oregon State as the most likely team to derail UCLA. Southern Cal and Washington, previous candidates for the honor, have already tried and failed, with the Huskies losing again Saturday night to UCLA 100–83. In that one Bill Walton had 31 points and 15 rebounds, and Washington's Steve Hawes, avenging his poor performance of last week, had 30 points and 18 rebounds.

"If Oregon State can play the way they played against us, they can beat just about anyone in the country," said Padgett following the Beavers' 74–68 win, their fourth straight in the Pacific Eight.

Arizona State seemed very much alive in the Western Athletic Conference after defeating Colorado State 88–80. Then Wyoming held Sun Devil star Paul Stovall to 10 points in a 68–65 upset that assured Brigham Young of the title. The Cougars ended Indian Week in Provo with a 79–66 victory over Utah. It was close for 36 minutes, but late turnovers and the outside shooting of Bernie Fryer were the difference. Fryer scored 22 points and Kresimir Cosic 21 while putting defenders in foul trouble.

Weber State assured itself at least a tie for its fifth straight Big Sky title with victories over Montana State 68–53 and Montana 71–60. Bob Davis paced the two wins with 55 points. Hawaii defeated Oklahoma City twice, 117–97 and 109–95.

1. UCLA (20-0) 2. LONG BEACH ST. (21-3)

MIDWEST Minnesota and Michigan were, unexpectedly, atop the Big Ten following Ohio State's stunning 64–62 loss to Illinois. The Illini made only 23% of their shots but scored 22 more free-throw points than the Buckeyes, who fouled out four men. State built a 13-point lead in the second half, but then Illinois stormed back using a man-to-man defense to win the game.

Minnesota, which plays at Michigan this weekend, edged Wisconsin 76–73 behind Clyde Turner's 29 points and 12 rebounds. Michigan took Northwestern 81–75. The Wildcats also lost to De Paul 74–72 when Nick Hirtzig hit a last-second shot.

Memphis State kept the pressure on Louisville in the Missouri Valley by overcoming Bradley's delaying tactics 70–59 and nipping St. Louis 73–70. Louisville stayed on top by defeating Wichita State 69–60.

Nebraska's challenge for the Big Eight leadership amounted to very little as Missouri cut down the Cornhuskers 80–65. The Tigers' 18th victory, highlighted by John Brown's 32 points and 15 rebounds, set a team record. Nebraska came back to beat Kansas with more points (99–78) than any Big Eight team had ever scored against the Jayhawks.

Marquette won twice, then heard it had lost Jim Chones to the pros (*page 18*). So the Warriors defeated Creighton 70–61 without Chones. With Chones earlier, they beat Jacksonville 88–79 as Larry McNeill scored 10 of 16 points in a surge that decided the game. There was still more excitement after McNeill fouled out, however. His wife Gloria suddenly appeared behind the Marquette bench and urged him to follow her into the stands to defend the family name against Andy Friedrich, a Warrior redshirt. Said Friedrich, "She comes to the games with her friends, and they try to squeeze seven people into three or four seats. I told her to sit down and shut up." Mrs. McNeill was arrested for disorderly conduct and fined $21, which didn't seem to bother McNeill in the following game against Creighton. Now Chones' permanent replacement, he scored 24 points and had 15 rebounds.

1. MARQUETTE (22-0) 2. LOUISVILLE (19-2)

EAST The 8,000 fans at Recreation Hall in University Park gave Penn State a standing ovation the night it upset sixth-ranked Virginia 86–74. Not too unusual except that the hand came before the game. Maybe it was a psych move. Cavalier Coach Bill Gibson played at Penn State, and star Guard Barry Parkhill is a State College boy who left town after the home team indicated only slight interest in him. Parkhill did score 20 points—three below his average—but Ron Brown countered with 25.

Pennsylvania bombed Brown 90–66 but found pickings weren't so easy against Yale. The Quakers were down 37–33 early in the second half before damaging the Elis' two-three zone with six straight baskets, eventually winning 71–62. "The great coaches are able to get their people up," said Penn's Chuck Daly. "I didn't do a very good job."

The area's other nationally-ranked team, Providence, lost a 75–73 decision to Rhode Island but rebounded against Holy Cross 104–68. Villanova defeated Duquesne 102–81 as Chris Ford scored 30 points. Syracuse won two more at home, 91–74 over Bucknell and 98–69 over Connecticut.

It was a week of milestones for St. Joseph's. Coach Jack McKinney got his 100th win, 92–65 over West Chester, and junior Center Mike Bantom his 1,000th point in an 81–70 victory over Georgetown. Bantom was given the game ball, which he thereupon presented to his sister in the stands with a pinpoint pass. The third milestone wasn't as neat. The Hawks lost to Temple 60–58.

Long Island never had a chance against St. Bonaventure. Harvey Smith, subbing for injured Walter Jones, got a busted nose on the opening tip-off that required four stitches. The Bonnies won 89–69.

St. John's came from seven points back in the final three minutes to edge Niagara 93–90. "I gave them a little fire and brimstone at halftime," said Coach Frank Mulzoff. "Some old-fashioned motivation otherwise known as a boot in the rear end."

1. PENN (18-2) 2. PROVIDENCE (18-4)

BOXING / *Tex Maule*

Gored by a sagging bull

Weak from making weight, Mando Ramoa atill hooked hard enough to keep his lightweight title from Pedro Carrasco, a sometime matador

Mando Ramos, a star-crossed fighter whose luck over the past few years has been consistently bad, had mixed fortune last Friday night in Los Angeles. He won one version of the lightweight championship of the world—and then got roundly booed by viewers who had been seduced by his opponent's pitty-pat punches.

Ramos walloped Pedro Carrasco of Spain for most of the 15 rounds, yet was given only a split decision when one nearsighted judge scored the fight eight rounds to five for Carrasco, a spidery fighter with a feather punch and unlimited courage. Carrasco kept his left hand in Ramos' face most of the night, but with no more authority than if he had been using a powder puff to prepare Ramos for a TV appearance.

Mando, on the other hand, scored often with long and jarring left jabs and shook Carrasco in several rounds with smart right-hand crosses that slowed the Spaniard but never discouraged him. At the end of the fight Carrasco had a puffy, discolored left eye; Ramos' tender eyes, recently relieved of scar tissue by plastic surgery, were swollen but he never once took a punch that remotely disturbed him.

Unfortunately, Ramos is a natural welterweight. For several days before the Carrasco bout he was struggling to get down to the 135-pound weight limit, and finally he had to take off two pounds on the morning of the fight, a process that left him weak and too tired to eat. Had he been at full strength, there is little doubt that he would have knocked Carrasco out, as he nearly did in Madrid last November.

"My problem is water," he said. "I got to drink lots of water, always. If I don't drink all that water, I can make the weight. I know I had Carrasco in trouble over and over again, but I didn't have the zip to take him out."

Early in the fight Ramos fired a series of left hooks to the belly to bring Carrasco's guard down, then shifted to the head and puffed Carrasco's right ear with the same left hooks. Later on he banged Carrasco with a short, smarting right cross to the head and once, in the 13th round, when Carrasco was beginning to flag, he hit the Spaniard with three fine right hands and a flailing left hook, any one of which might have meant the end had Mando this night been a stronger man. But Carrasco is an amateur bullfighter in Spain and he fought Ramos with all the bravery his avocation implies, despite his modest armament.

After the fight Carrasco emerged from the shower, his midriff still pink from the early body punches, his eye swollen. "The public knows who won the fight," he said in Spanish, "but I would not mind fighting Ramos again. I think I am the better fighter. I won on a bad decision in Madrid. He won a bad one here. Now we fight somewhere else to see who is the better of us."

No doubt the two will fight again, because this was a lovely, ferocious battle between a bull and a matador, and if the bull won this time there is always the chance that in the next outing the matador's skill will prevail.

Carrasco is wonderfully able, a picture fighter in the model of the best of the Europeans, reminiscent of Nino Benvenuti at the top of his clever game. There surely will be only one rematch, however, since Ramos has come along so fast, in size and attitude. If he maintains his new straight-arrow image and contioues to train as seriously as he has lately, it is not inconceivable that he can also win the welter and middleweight championships in the years to come. In the years just past—young and irrepressible years for Ramos—he squandered his fine natural talent. He was one of those early maturers physically, and maybe too much was expected of him too soon. Friday, with the crowd booing him, it was obvious that at least he was growing up, a process that may have begun after the first fight in Madrid.

From all accounts, that was a fight. Ramos put Carrasco down either four, five or six times, depending upon who is telling the story, and he did most of

continued



ATTACKING WITH HIS OVERHAND HOOK, RAMOS JOLTS JAW OF THE ARTFUL SPANIARD

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that damage after being deprived of his best punch, a left hook to the liver.

"I knocked him down in the first round with a left hook to the head," Ramos said last Thursday. He was sitting in the small, cluttered living room of his apartment in Long Beach, fending off the advances of his 2-year-old son, Mando Jr. "Carrasco said he didn't remember anything after that punch. He missed me with a left hook and I hit bim good and down he went. He never hurt me in that fight."

Later on Ramos got to Carrasco with his favorite shot, the left to the liver. "It was a good hit," he said, "but the referee told me I hit him low. Carrasco bent over like I hit him low, but I didn't. I got him over the belt. He was hurt. I know he was. But when I came back to the corner, they told me to quit body punching and go to the head."

The liver, on the North American continent, is located north of the equator, or just above the belt line. The referee in Madrid was a Nigerian named Samuel Odubote and possibly he is a better referee than an anatomist, although, in view of what happened later, that seems doubtful. Odubote disqualified Ramos after the 11th round—when Mando was leading on all cards—for either pushing or throwing Carrasco to the floor; it was never clear which.

"I hit him with a left hook to the head a round or two before the time I got disqualified," Ramos said. "He fell into me and wrapped his arms around me and began to slide down to the floor. I twisted away from him so he could fall and then the referee warned me for pushing him. In the 11th I hit him again and the same thing happened. When I came out for the 12th the referee gave him the fight."

Later Carrasco, who admits being hazy after the first round, said that he did recall being hit low and hit behind the neck, things that Ramos denies. "How can he remember those shots and not the other ones I hit him?" Ramos says.

The decision was so bad it infuriated even the Spanish fans at the arena. The World Boxing Council, which had earlier vacated Ken Buchanan's lightweight title because he did not accept a bout with Carrasco, then 124-1-1 and the No. 1 challenger, obviously agreed with the fans. The WBC eventually overruled Odubote and decided that the fight was a no-decision affair. The World Boxing Association, the other and no more or less authoritative governing body, still considers Buchanan the lightweight titleholder, and the resultant confusion is only the most recent of the contretemps that have crowded an extraordinary mélange of misfortune into the short, mercurial life of Mando Ramos.

He was the child of a broken family; his father was an alcoholic and Mando was raised by his grandparents from the age of three. He quit school in the 10th grade to work in the Mexican restaurant owned by his mother and stepfather. After some years of experience he has become a fine cook, admirably preparing such dishes as beef zucchini that owe nothing to his Mexican heritage. He thinks that when he quits fighting he will go into the restaurant business.

Ramos turned pro with an altered birth certificate at 17, and by 1969, when he was a little over 20, he was the lightweight champion of the world. In the next couple of years he earned well over $200,000—and managed to spend a good deal more than that.

"I don't know where it went," he said. "Lots of bad advice, lots of bad friends. I was drinking a lot, getting into trouble all the time. Now I am through. I am through because of him"—nodding at his son—"and because I saw Raul Rojas not long ago. I remember when Raul was on top. He would call people at four in the morning, say, 'Hey, *amigo*, come get me.' And they came and got him. Now he's down, they don't say hello. I don't want to be like that."

Ramos went on a spectacular spree after winning his title. Not long after Mandito was born, Mando was arrested on suspicion of possession of marijuana. He was arrested again for drunk driving, had his boxing license suspended and then his driver's license after he had several auto accidents. Later his wife left him and, in his own opinion, he became an alcoholic.

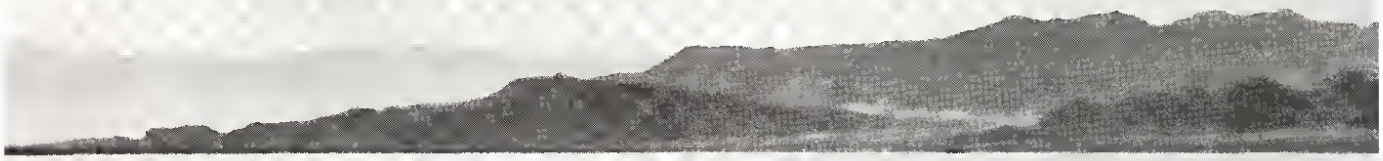
"Now I go to the Alcoholics Anonymous two, three times a week with my dad," he said, nuzzling Mandito, on loan from his mother. "I don't drive a car. I ride a bicycle. I don't think I will ever drive again. I'm in the best shape I've ever been. I'm serious. I want to make a lot of money fighting, pay my debts, be a big man when it's over."

Now all he has to do is convince tough characters like Pedro Carrasco and Kenny Buchanan. **END**



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For instance, the Fiat 128—which has self-adjusting front disc brakes—can bring you to a complete stop in a shorter distance than the Volkswagen, which does not have disc brakes.

Secondly, the Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

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they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is far from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where lack of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

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Aside from the fact that the Fiat 128 costs $167 less than the Super Beetle, there's another cost advantage we're rather proud of. According to tests run by the North American Testing Company, the Fiat 128 gets better gas mileage than the Super Beetle.

Now we don't for one minute expect that, even in the face of all the aforementioned evidence, you will rush out and buy a Fiat. All we suggest is that you take the time to look at a Fiat.

Recently, the president of Volkswagen of America was quoted as saying that 42% of all the people who buy Volkswagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

And we think that people who don't look before they buy never know what they've missed.

FIAT

ACCELERATION		
FIAT	20-50 mph	9.405 secs.
VW	20-50 mph	11.635 secs.
FIAT	40-70 mph	17.86 secs.
VW	40-70 mph	20.09 secs.
BRAKING		
FIAT	20-0 mph	13.2 ft.
VW	20-0 mph	14.6 ft.
FIAT	60-0 mph	139.7 ft.
VW	60-0 mph	155.2 ft.
BUMPER TO BUMPER		
FIAT		151.81 in.
VW		160.24 in.
FRONT SEAT–SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		53.50 in.
VW		46.0 in.
REAR SEAT–RIDE TO RIDE		
FIAT		49.875 in.
VW		47.125 in.
BACK SEAT–KNEE ROOM		
FIAT		31.00 in.
VW		25.75 in.
COST		
FIAT		$1,992*
VW		$2,159*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, POE Transportation, state and local taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any, additional. Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer

A bomb in sheep's clothing

On the flats, the enigmatic mutton snapper becomes a fly-rod prize

I concede that "mutton snapper" is hardly a prepossessing title. The sheep, from which the name derives, is not much of an animal. No civilized person will deal with him except in chops and stews. To bleat is not to sing out in a commanding baritone, to be sheepish is scarcely to possess a virtue for which civilization rolls out its more impressive Oriental carpets or, for that matter, even a few ordinary bath mats.

And it is true that the fish, as you may have suspected, is not at all handsome, with its large and vacant-looking head, crazy red eye and haphazard black spot just shy of its tail. Yet its brick orange flanks and red tail are rather tropical and fine, and for a number of reasons it deserves consideration as major light-tackle game. When you have been incessantly outwitted by the mutton snapper, you cease to emphasize his vaguely doltish exterior.

To begin with, mutton snapper share with the most pursued shallow-water game fish a combination of hair-trigger perceptions. They are wild and spooky, difficult to deceive and very powerful. Taken under optimum conditions, they are as enthralling as any species that haunts the flats.

Like most flats fish, the mutton snapper is primarily a creature of deep water, another individual thread in the ocean system that, following its own particular necessity, crisscrosses the lives and functions of the species that share its habitat. Which is to say that in looking for one fish you find another—and maybe in the end you find it all.

After a long winter's flats fishing, I had naturally acquired a ready facility for recognizing most anything that came along. A flat is a circumscribed habitat so far as larger fishes are concerned. The first mutton snappers I found were encountered while f was poling for permit on flood tides close to the Florida Keys. They were wild fish, hustling around in their curious way and pushing abrupt knuckles of wake in the thin water. Their red tails made them unmistakable.

They seemed so quick to flush and so conscious of the skiff that it was hard to see how they might be taken on a fly rod. Besides, they were hard to find, somewhat harder, for example, than permit, and they were every bit as alert and quick to flush.

Last May, Guy and I began to fish for them in earnest, spurred on from time to time by the sight of brilliant red forks in the air. The fish often seemed hurried, and when we would pole to the place where we had seen a tail, there would be nothing. Most of the first fish we found were in a grassy basin south of Key West, a shallow place usually good for a few shots at permit. The basin was little more than a declivity in the long-running ocean bank that reaches from just below Key West to the Boca Grande Channel—and across which lie the Marquesas.

Early one hot day Guy and I began to fish this basin. A long convection buildup of clouds lay along the spine of the Keys, like a mirror image of the islands themselves, all the way to Boca Grande, and then scattered in cottony streamers to the west. So we fished in a shadow most of the day, straining to find fish in the turtle grass.

With the leisurely wan hope that comes of being on a flat at no particular tide, I was poling the skiff. We passed a small depression on the flat and suddenly spotted two mutton snappers floating close to the bottom with the antsy, fidgeting look they so often seem to have. Guy made an excellent cast and a fish responded immediately. My hopes sank as it overtook and began to follow the fly with the kind of examining pursuit we had come to associate with one of the permit's more refined refusals. But with considerable elan, Guy stopped the fly and let it sink to the bottom. The snapper paused behind the fly at a slight forward tilt and then, in what is to the flats fisherman a thrilling gesture, he tilted over onto his head and tailed, the great, actually wondrous, fork in the air, precisely marking the position of Guy's fly.

I looked toward the stern. Guy was poised, line still slack, rod tip down. He gave the fish three full seconds and I watched him lift the rod, feeling foredoomed that the line would glide back slack. But the rod bowed. Abruptly, the fish was surging away from us in a globe of wake that it pushed before itself; a thin sheet of water stood behind the leader as it sheared the surface.

The first long run ended with the fly pulling free. The childish gloom of sport descended. As Guy reeled in his line



and backing, I let the boat drift in on the tide toward the little community of stilt houses standing mysteriously in spiderlike shadows off Boca Grande Key. Nearby, an old sail-powered commercial boat rusted on the bank that claimed it, a long row of black cormorants on its crumbling iron rail.

"Well," said Guy, "I guess they'll take the fly."

It was late in the afternoon and Guy was poling. I stood in the gun seat, as we had come to call the aft casting platform, trailing my loop of fly line. We were zigzagging around in our grassy basin, fishing out the last of the incoming tide and getting shots from time to time at permit. From directly out of the light, a large stingray was swimming toward us, and in front of it were two large fish, indistinguishably back lit. Because they were with the ray, these were necessarily feeding fish. I had time to roll my trailing loop into the air, make a quick false cast, then throw. The left-hand fish, facing me, veered off and struck. I had him briefly, but long enough to feel an almost implacable power, enough to burn a finger freeing loose fly line. Since mutton snappers frequently came into this basin from deep water with rays, we presumed that is what had taken my fly.

Whatever, it joined that throng of shades, touched and unseen, that haunt the angler—fish felt and lost, big ones that got away that are the subject of levity to nonanglers but of a deeper emotion to the angler himself.

I suppose, at the least common denominator, having a fish take your fly then reject it or break the leader is like taking an admired companion to lunch at a good restaurant and having him throw the *quiche Lorraine* in your face. With both our fish hooked but unlanded, it was time for us to wipe the egg custard from our faces, as it were, and turn thin, squinting, unculinary eyes to new flats.

Rays are a common sight on the flats. The game fish seldom follow the pretty spotted-eagle rays, which have a perfection of shape and movement that is beyond quick description. They are dark and beautifully spotted like a fawn or leopard; as a wing is lifted to propel them the exquisite, creamy ventral surfaces are exposed. Spotted-eagle rays mud less than stingrays; their oval mouths seem made for more exact procedures. When the boat is upon them they flush with long perfect sweeps of their wings, and when they are lost to the eye the swirls and turbulence of their deceptively powerful movements continue to disturb the surface.

The platitudinous stingray with his torpid, carpetlike movements, on the other hand, holds some special interest for game fish. Jacks, mutton snappers and permit will follow a feeding stingray throughout the tide, using the ray as a kind of stalking horse to scare up small fish and crabs. When a fish is found accompanying a ray, it may be assumed that he is feeding rather than traveling.

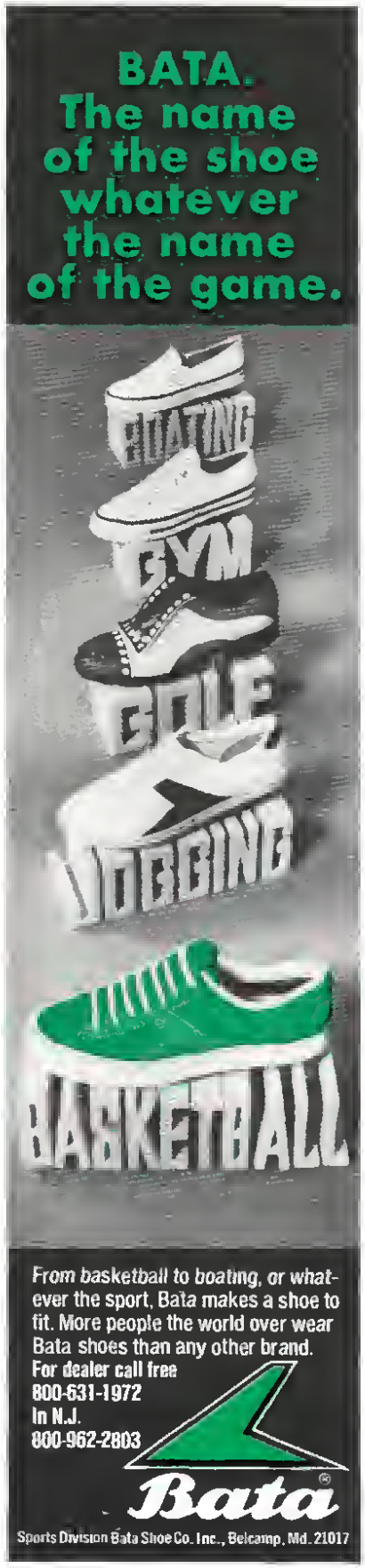
We knew where we could find rays. We often saw them on the soft backsides of banks whose harder edges we fished for permit. We had a grandly complex set of banks that stretched from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, but always we had fished the edges. The next day we made the long run from Key West in the early morning, the scattered Keys looking deep, wet and green on the slate sea. We passed Mule, Archer, Big and Little Mullet, Cottrell, Barracuda, Man, Woman, Ballast and Boca Grande, on out past the iron marker, west into the first gut.

The flat was dotted with luminous slicks of mudding rays. Guy took the pole and we tracked down the rays one by one, finding them mainly alone, but here and there seeing the fleeting red forks or discovering the nervous snappers too late.

Eventually we found a single large snapper working a stingray. The ray was making such an extensive mud that it seemed unlikely the snapper could find a retrieved fly. In any case, the excitement of watching the tailing fish collaborate with the ray and the measuring in my mind's eye of the breadth of that fork went a long way toward totally eroding my composure.

The mutton snapper was tailing when I cast, and I threw well beyond the ray and retrieved the large fly through the edge of the slick. The tail dropped abruptly, and my first thought was that I had flushed the snapper. Then I saw the wake directly behind my fly and knew I was getting a follow. I hoped for a take straight away but none came. I had to stop the fly and let it go to the bottom, an act that has always felt entirely unnatural to me. The fish tipped up instantly, tail entirely out of the water. I

continued





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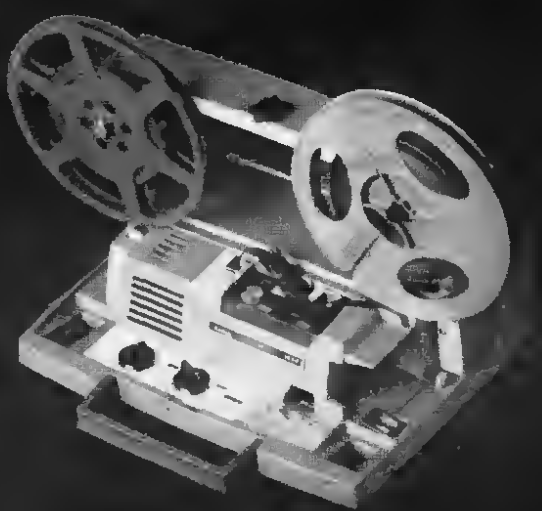
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lifted the rod tentatively and with terror, then I came up tight and the fish was running.

Water streamed up the leader with a silky shearing noise, and the snapper peeled off in a bulge of water tinted by his own brick-red hue. The flat was a broad one and the snapper failed to clear it to deep water on his first run. At the end of that run he turned perpendicular to the line and held there for a while implacable as a fire hydrant. Then, with an air of having made the decision himself, he allowed me to retrieve him at his own sullen rate. I began to look around for the net but found Guy one step ahead of me, the big net at parade rest.

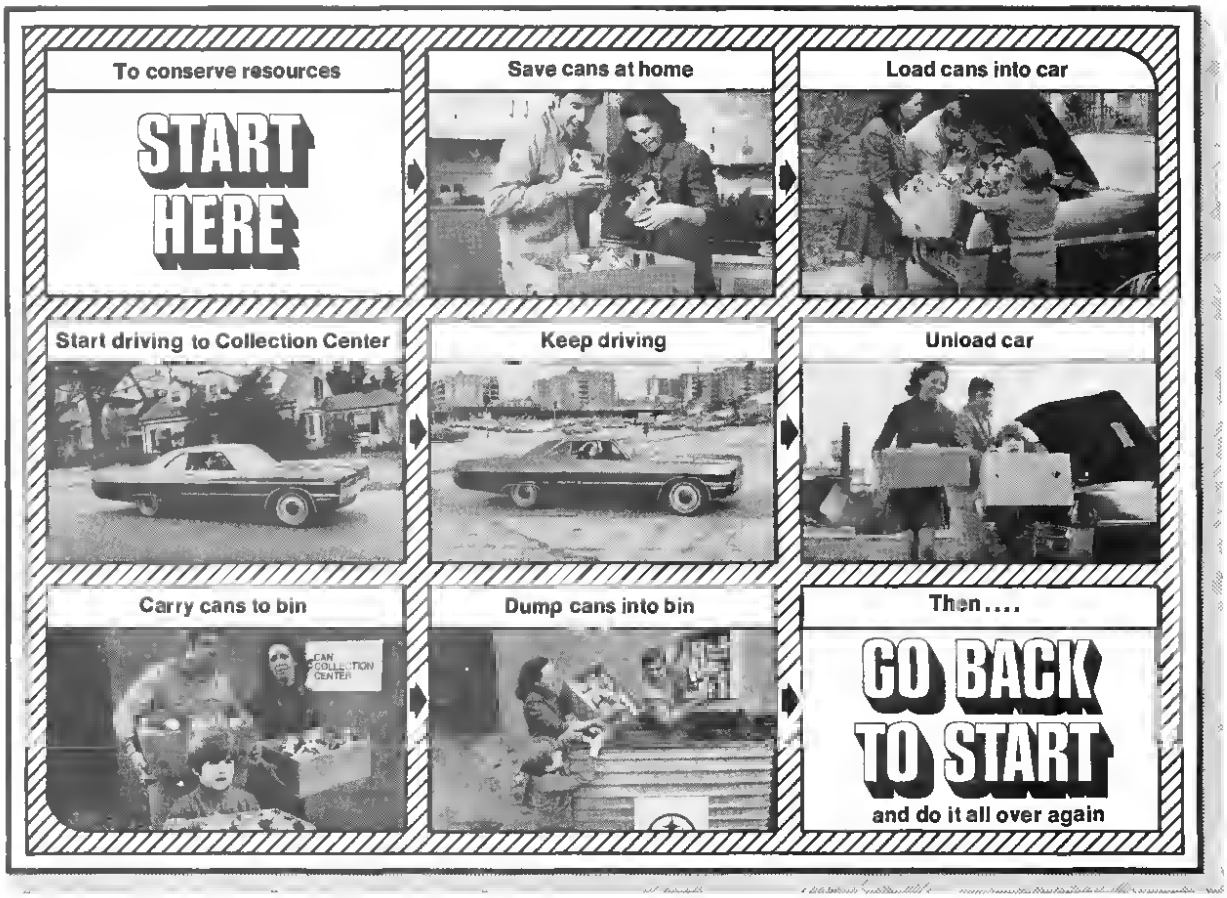
My glances for the net were optimistic ones. There were a number of runs to be endured. With a fish badly wanted it is always simple to imagine the hook pulling free, the leader breaking, the dead feeling in the slack rod. Five minutes later the fish was at the boat, succinctly netted by Guy.

It seemed quite big, bigger than I expected. A short time after landing the fish we ran into a local guide who weighed the fish: a little over 15 pounds, the world record on a fly.

That night the world record was dispatched as follows: deprived of head and innards, he was stuffed with shrimp, shallots, buttered crumbs, parsley, tarragon and mushrooms, then rinsed down the gullets of hungry anglers with *gouts* of cold domestic Chablis. I would wish a similar fate upon all world records that are not released at the boat.

The next day Guy took another big fish, this one 13 pounds, and we began to feel we were getting the hang of it. This fish was given to a Cuban friend at the yard who remembered mutton snappers in the Havana markets. He carried Guy's fish around in a formal march, under the stored hulls, through the dry shed and out to the carpenter's shop before giving it the place of honor on the front seat of his pickup.

When we looked for the snappers in the next few days we could not find them. The rays came in on the same tides, but now they were alone. A week or so later the commercial fishermen found the snappers on the 120-foot contour offshore, 118 feet out of our depth. But we had had our glimpse and knew we would be waiting for them next spring on the flats. **END**



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1. Since the NFL draft began, two Notre Dame quarterbacks have been the No. 1 pick. Who were they?

3. WHAT MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL PLAYER WORE THE NAME OF HIS HOMETOWN ON THE BACK OF HIS UNIFORM?

2. What was the name of the silent film in which John Barrymore played Captain Ahab?

4. In 1950 the American League season leader in stolen bases had just 15, the fewest in major league history. Who was he?

When it is a question of competition, there are those who feel that nothing can compare with the game of minutiae, in which minor and long-forgotten characters of sport and screen and radio are the major concern

by RON FIMRITE

8. The major league season record for most doubles is 67. Who holds it?

10. WHAT WAS THE ORIGINAL TITLE OF THE RODGERS & HART SONG "BLUE MOON" WHEN THE MELODY WAS FIRST USED IN THE FILM "MANHATTAN MELODRAMA?"

9. *What actress faced life as Portia in the radio soap opera and at the same time played Belle in "Lorenzo Jones?"*

5. What actor played the role of the escaped prisoner who hid in the rolltop desk in the first screen version of "The Front Page?"

6. Who was the first man to coach two Heisman Trophy winners?

7. Who broke Dizzy Dean's toe with a line drive in the 1937 All-Star Game? Which toe? Which foot?

TRIVIA

CONTINUED

11. In "One Man's Family," who played the part of Teddy?

12. Who was the catcher for the 1934 Cardinals' Gas House Gang?

13. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Eliza crossed a frozen river. What river was it?

14. Who were the two quarterbacks with the initials Y.A.T. who played football in Yankee Stadium?

It is opening time at the Templehar in San Francisco and Mel Corvin is positioned near the kitchen, a squat, imperious figure in a dark suit of impeccable 1952 cut. Sipping coffee soundlessly, he has the wary aspect of an aging gunfighter steeling himself for the inevitable challenge. This is an image Corvin encourages, for he wishes it known that he is "trying my damnedest to phase myself out of this game." He has as much chance of achieving serenity in his time as Wild Bill Hickok had in his, and Corvin knows it. His reputation, alas, precedes him.

"It's getting so I can't walk into a place without somebody nailing me with, 'I got one for you,' " he says.

But this is merely a pose, for Corvin is not as discomfited by the prospect of somebody having one for him as he lets on. He is, after all, a trivia player, a man who welcomes—nay, embraces—challenge. And he knows further that there are only a handful of competitors in his town with the necessary grasp of arcana to extend him. Let them, then, have one for him.

15. WHO WERE THE 12 ANGRY MEN?

If they should demand of him the batting order of the 1936 New York Yankees (a question so easy Corvin does not think it qualifies as trivia), let them try Crosetti, Rolfe, DiMaggio, Gehrig, Dickey, Powell, Lazzeri and Selkirk. If they require the actress who played Humphrey Bogart's long-suffering mother in *Dead End*, give them Marjorie Main. And if they should ask for the opening sequence of the old radio show *Grand Central Station*, he will re-create the sound of a speeding locomotive and then breathlessly announce in a voice hauntingly familiar:

"As a bullet seeks its target, shining rails in every part of our great country are aimed at Grand Central Station, heart of the nation's greatest city. Drawn by the magnetic force, the fantastic metropolis, day and night great trains rush toward the Hudson River, sweep down its eastern bank for 140 miles, flash briefly past the long, red row of tenement houses south of 125th Street, dive with a roar into the 2½-mile tunnel which burrows beneath the glitter and swank of Park Avenue and then . . . Grand Central Station . . . crossroads of a million private lives."

That should hold them. But probably not for long. Indeed, while Corvin and his fellow trivialists are involved in no formal competition, they are seldom off duty. Somebody always has one for them. They are, in fact, part of a subculture group composed of persons of a certain age whose minds are hopelessly cluttered with the detritus of the Depression '30s and the warring '40s. They are, as one of their number, Tom Dunn of Albuquerque, suggests, "Forty-year-old kids singing the Jack Armstrong song." While civilization quavered before economic disaster and military threat, these kids—now, roughly, between 35 and 50—found enormous pleasure and, as it develops, lasting satisfaction out of Little Orphan Annie, Duke Mantee, Alhie Booth, Ossie Bluege, Tonto and Margot Lane.

Trivia players are not to be confused with the current clutch of stowaways on the nostalgia bandwagon; the best of them have been playing the trivia game in earnest for at least 20 years, or from the time they were far enough along to look back. They are obviously in the vanguard of the backward movement.

"I'd almost burned out nostalgia on the air before it became popular," says Dunn, who occasionally livens his morning show on Albuquerque radio station KOB with excerpts from old serials and Orson Welles' *War of the Worlds*.

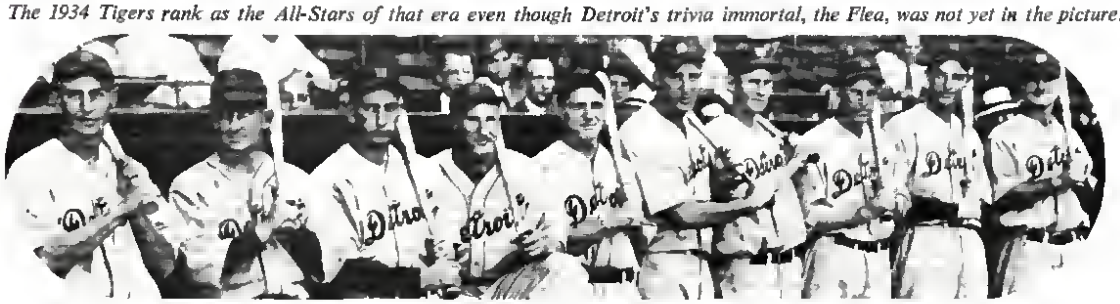
Trivia players regard the Johnny-come-latelies to old times with undisguised contempt. Likening the new nostalgia crowd to their distinguished company is a bit like comparing *No, No, Nanette* with *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*. It is a question of sophistication.

A further distinction should also be made between trivia players and those who may be defined as collectors—librarianish sorts who squirrel away old magazines, pulps and baseball guides, often for resale at propitious moments. Although they are not necessarily averse to such exotica, trivia players are primarily attached to the more obvious sources of entertainment—sports, movies and radio. It is the little parts of the big things that entice them. Then, too, they are verbal people not given to rummaging in secondhand bookstores for first editions of *Detective Comics* or *Human Torch*. They are, in a sense, our oral historians.

The expression "Well, that was before my time" is totally alien to the trivia player, who will admit to nothing being before his time. As a child, he was fully as fascinated with the '20s or the '90s as he was with his own decade. He was as familiar with the exploits of T. Truxton Hare or Bugs Raymond as with those of Bruno Banducci or Boho Newsom. But he is truest to his own period, a time when the big leagues were little and the movies were big, when radio fed the imagination, not satiated it, as television is inclined now to do.

"When we grew up," said singer Mel

The 1934 Tigers rank as the All-Stars of that era even though Detroit's trivia immortal, the Flea, was not yet in the picture.





Some actors found fame in "Lost Horizon."

Tormé, a top trivia player, "the figures on the movie screen were all 25 to 50 times bigger than life. Now we look at TV, and they're all smaller than life—little guys and girls only seven inches high. At that size they just don't seem very important."

Torme plays the game with such Hollywood chums as Mickey Rooney and Donald O'Connor, who have the melancholy distinction of being trivia figures in their own right. But most trivia enthusiasts are not celebrities. Many may be found in a neighborhood tavern, reciting ancient box scores and flawlessly identifying second leads and faces in the crowd in the old movie on the television screen back of the bar.

"How much d'ya wanna bet that's Rochelle Hudson . . . ?"

The omniscient Corvin is a San Francisco publicist who recently favored New York with his expertise while serving as an advance man for the Roller Derby. "I killed them in P J Clarke's," he modestly acknowledges.

Trivialist Rod Belcher of Seattle, tall and red-haired, is the public information officer for the Washington Department of Highways. He is also a former radio announcer who in 1950 broadcast San Francisco 49er games under the pseudonym Rod Hughes—a deception made necessary by his sponsor's aversion to the word "belcher" when used in connection with his product, which happened to be beer. Belcher is the composer of *Go, Go, You Pilots!*, the fight song of the now-defunct American League franchise in Seattle. "We sang *Go, Go*," said Belcher, "and they went. But the record has become a collector's item. Sales have never been better."

Trivia player Bob Hanson of Atlanta is a genial "independent insurance adjuster" who writes mocking crank letters to racist politicians and carries a business card identifying him as a purveyor of "land, whiskey, manure, nails, flyswatters, racing forms and bongos." Hanson's reputation as a trivialist is such that he is frequently called upon—usually at odd hours—to settle arguments of a familiar nature. It is Hanson, answering his bedroom phone, who will inform reveling friends downtown that Ken Maynard's horse was named Tarzan, not Topper, which, of course, was Hopalong Cassidy's steed.

IC, THE ACTRESS MAE C-C IS REMEMBERED FOR THE LOST IN "IC SI ICRIZ ": BUT IN WEAT HIMTH SHE MADE THE DIRECTANT WHC WAS THE HEALING-MAN IN HE MC MIE

Most trivia players have jobs of some sort. The New York advertising industry has a surfeit of them, and so have most newspaper offices. Other players follow even more respectable trades. Dr. James Loutzenhiser of Kansas City is a psychiatrist; Charles Moylan Jr. sits on the Baltimore City Supreme Bench; Elston Brooks is a theater critic for the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*; E. Walker Chapman of Honolulu is the assistant general manager of the Royal Development Co., Ltd.; and Christy Schaller of Carson City, Nev. is the executive administrator to Nevada Governor Mike O'Callaghan.

This is not to suggest, however, that trivia players are necessarily men of searching intellect, despite Tormé's steadfast and self-serving assertion that "one has to have a certain erudition, a certain intellectual level, to play trivia."

Corvin, surely one of the best of the breed, has no intellectual pretensions. He is as unfamiliar with, say, Bertrand Russell's scholarship as the British philosopher-mathematician-pacifist was with Corvin's. Still, you ask yourself, could the co-author of the *Principia Mathematica* have recited the passenger manifest of the airplane hijacked to Shangri-La in *Lost Horizon*? Corvin can, and in a trice—Ronald Colman, John Howard, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell and Isabel Jewell. Easy.

Despite their obvious advantages, trivia players are seldom intellectual bullies, unlike so many other scholars. Some weeks ago, Corvin found himself in a bar in Piedmont, across the bay from San Francisco. Seated next to him was a gentleman who informed him that he resided in the nearby community of Martinez.

"Oh, Joe DiMaggio's hometown," said Corvin, making what for him passes as casual conversation.

"Joe DiMaggio," said the Martinez man levelly, "was born in San Francisco."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Corvin. "Joltin' Joe, the Yankee Clipper, he with the lifetime batting average of .325, was born on November 25, 1914—I believe it was in the early afternoon—in Martinez—I'll think of the hospital in a minute."

"Wanna bet a hundred bucks on it?" the Martinez man inquired.

continued



In this field, Franklin Pangborn bests W.C.

"Look, I don't want to take your money," said Corvin charitably. "Let's just say that if I'm wrong on any of these particulars, you win and I owe you a buck. If I'm right on all of them, you owe me a buck. Let the bartender be the judge."

Since this was an establishment frequented by sporting types whose arguments often require arbitration, the necessary reference material was available. Corvin, of course, was right on all counts.

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Little Orphan Annie, once a radio chatterbox.

"Buy this man a drink," the Martinez man instructed the barkeep. "He just saved me $99."

A patron in a Tacoma, Wash. tavern was not nearly so fortunate following an encounter with Belcher some years ago. Identifying himself as a Notre Dame graduate, the man noisily lamented that his alma mater had never played in a postseason bowl game (this predated the recent Cotton Bowl meetings with Texas). It was an observation guaranteed to bruise the delicate sensibilities of a trivia player of Belcher's stripe.

"Surely, my good man," he addressed the Fighting Irishman, "you forget the 1925 Rose Bowl meeting with Stanford, won, you must recall, by your old school 27–10. Elmer Layden, you will now obviously remember, scored three touchdowns that day, two on pass interceptions. Ernie Nevers, playing with both ankles injured, was a hero in defeat for Stanford. This, it must be clear to you now, was the Notre Dame team of the Four Horsemen and Seven Mules. I won't even trouble you with the Horsemen, who must be as familiar to you as your own children, but just to refresh your memory, the Mules were Adam Walsh, naturally, at center, Kizer and Weibel, the guards. . . ."

"Hold on, buddy," the old grad interrupted, "I went to Notre Dame and I can tell you. . . ."

"Miller and Bach, the tackles, and Hunsinger and Collins, the ends."

"Yeah, but that game was played during the regular season. I've got $200 that says you're wrong."

Though offended by such abysmal ignorance, Belcher remained a man of scruples, and to take this blowhard's money was beneath his dignity. He merely smiled condescendingly and strode out the front door. Belcher's wife Dorothy had overheard the conversation, however, and though she hadn't the foggiest notion if Notre Dame had played in the 1925 Rose Bowl or if, in fact, the school had even fielded a team that year, she did know her husband and she also knew the Belchers were then slightly on their uppers. "I'm his wife," she blurted out, thinking of mouths to feed at home. "I'll take that bet." To Belcher's ultimate surprise, his household was $200 richer the next day.

Trivia players normally wager only sparingly, and rarely with outsiders. When a game is going—and one can start at any moment—they prefer to keep it among themselves. And since the pace is so swift, there is little time for money to change hands. Besides, betting would add an unwelcome note of venality to what is, essentially, a social occasion. Competition and companionship are reward enough, and some of the greatest games have been played only for laughs.

On one memorable day, for example, Belcher and Corvin clashed—for the first time—on Corvin's home turf, the Templebar. This was as close as trivia will ever come to a Super Bowl. Belcher recalls how the match developed:

"I was in San Francisco for a couple of days, and a friend got hold of me

17. ONLY ONE MAN IN MODERN MAJOR LEAGUE HISTORY EVER STOLE SIX BASES IN ONE GAME, AND HE DID IT TWICE IN LESS THAN TWO WEEKS. WHO WAS HE?

and said, 'There's somebody you just have to meet.' So we went into this place, and there was this guy at the end of the bar, near the kitchen. It was Corvin. Well, we started slowly enough, just casual conversation. Then we got going. I hit him with my Stanford teams—the Vow Boys and the boys before the Vow Boys. And he came back with Cal's Thunder Teams. We went all through big-league baseball, the movies and radio. I think we finally got down to the biggest stars at Presidio Junior High School. The guy's just amazing."

There are few remaining witnesses to this Game of the Decade, however, because a normal person can endure a first-



An apocalyptic Rose Bowl game—surefire trivia, with four horsemen and seven mules.

rate trivia game for no more than a few minutes before he feels the need for fresh air. And trivia players, for their part, can tolerate only so many "I don't see how you guys can remember all that stuff" remarks. Two or more trivia players in one room will invariably ruin any social gathering. No one, after all, can keep up with them when they are at full throttle, and this is the sort of exclusivity that breeds cliquishness.

"Just when are those two going to stop it? Captain Midnight, indeed!"

No one, not newly published authors, not converts to militant feminism, not returning vacationers, can clear a room faster than two trivia players at the top of their form. Hostesses who have experienced such debacles have been known to grow faint at the first strains of "Wave the flag for Hudson High, boys. . . ."

Trivia players are often bewildered by these expressions of dread or hostility. Proud as they are of their own considerable gifts, they find it difficult to understand why more people are not like them. They see the ranks of the culturally deprived swollen daily by those who think of Bill Shakespeare as an Elizabethan playwright, not a Notre Dame halfback.

Astonished that so few of his listeners knew the words to the Little Orphan Annie song—"Who's that little chatterbox? The one with curly auburn locks?"—Dunn once cried out in anguish, "Where were all those people?"

Trivia player Hanson stoutly insists the best questions are those that merely revive dormant memories. He hopes fervently to elicit responses like, "Oh sure, I knew it all the time." They are usually long in coming. Hanson and Dunn are democratic trivia players, however, convinced that most people of the right age and background could perform as capably as they if only they put their minds to it. Others, notably Corvin, consider this approach demeaning and tend to move farther and farther out. Take, for example, Corvin's position on Heisman Trophies.

"Anyone can name all the Heisman Trophy winners," he says. "A real trivia player knows who finished second and third in the voting."

Corvin regards 1946 as such a vintage Heisman year that he can name the first four finishers—Glenn Davis, Charley Trippi, Johnny Lujack and Doc Blanchard. He also knows who compiled the best three-year performance as a Heisman vote-getter—Glenn Davis, who finished second in 1944, second again in 1945 and first in 1946. And the player with the next best Heisman record—Doak Walker, who was third (1947), first (1948) and third (1949).

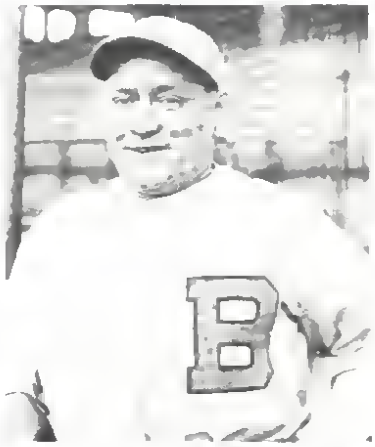
Belcher's specialty—or hangup, if you will—is nicknames, or rather the given names of persons best known by their nicknames. The unwary will thus be confronted with Hack (Lewis) Wilson, Dixie (Fred) Walker, Jo-Jo (Joyner) White, Tuffy (Alphonse) Leemans or Arky (Joseph Floyd) Vaughan. And Belcher has disarmed many opponents by asking for the real name of Bronko Nagurski. The answer, he is always pleased to say, is Bronko. Belcher may further require a fellow player to give him the name and the academic affiliation of the loutish football player played by Dick Foran in *The Petrified Forest*. The answer, Boze Hertzlinger of Nevada Tech, is one that seldom is remembered, even by the most nimble trivialists.

18. What actor played the Brazilian leading man in "Flying Down to Rio?"

The Petrified Forest is, however, a major trivia movie, as are all those in which the characters are isolated for a period of time in either a single room or a vehicle—the airplane, maybe, in *Lost Horizon*, the stagecoach in the original *Stagecoach*. A fairly simple trivia question has always been: What actor was in both the airplane and the stagecoach? The answer, as everyone knows, is Thomas Mitchell.

Animals, particularly horses and dogs, are among the trivia player's best friends. Tormé and Hanson are particularly sound in this field. Here, of course, it is considered bad form to identify just the star's animal. The only horses worth knowing are those ridden either by a sidekick—Smiley Burnette's Ringeye—or a girl friend—Dale Evans' Buttermilk. "Get um up, Scout" is definitely for beginners.

Sidekicks, foils, bad guys and losers



Few hacks will recall Wilson's real name.

are trivia people. Elisha Cook Jr. is of infinitely greater worth than, say, John Carroll or James Craig. Since bigness holds little interest for him, the trivia player tends to overlook the great names of his era.

Joe DiMaggio, for example, is not a trivia person; Vince is. Don Ameche, telephone and all, is not; Jim is. Groucho, Harpo and Chico Marx are not; Zeppo and Gummo are. Judy Garland is not, neither is Deanna Durbin; Gloria Jean is. Tommy Harmon is not; Nile Kinnick is. Abbott and Costello are not; Wheeler and Woolsey are. Eddie (Rochester) Anderson is not; Mantan Moreland is. Even W. C. Fields is not truly a trivia person; his foil, Franklin Pangborn, definitely is.

The Yankees were easily the premier team of the trivia era, an honor worth automatic disqualification in the Trivia Major League. The ideal trivia team is the American League champion Detroit Tigers of 1934-35—and for no logical reason, save that they arrived in between the great Yankee teams and that their starting lineup, when read aloud, had a certain enchanting euphony: Gehringer, Greenberg, Goslin, Owen, Rowe, Rogell, Cochrane, White, Fox. Nickname freak Belcher is especially fond of this team, as well he should be of one fielding a Goose, a Freck, a Schoolboy, a Jo-Jo, a Black Mike, a Mechanical Man and, ultimately, a Flea.

The Flea happens to be the protagonist of one of Belcher's favorite trivia questions: What was the Detroit Tigers' starting lineup in the third game of the 1935 World Series? The Tiger lineup, unlike

continued

so many today, was fairly rigid then, making it an easy mark for even average trivia players. But in the '35 Series, something awful happened to it. Hank Greenberg played in only the first two games, then retired as the result of a broken wrist. So, Belcher will inquire, who played first base from the third game on? And, for that matter, who was on third? The answer is that Freck (Marv) Owen moved from third to first and little Flea (Herman) Clifton replaced him at third. It was a rare lineup change for the Tigers, and it gave Flea Clifton trivia immortality. The poor man played only 87 major league games in his career, and were it not for trivia players like Belcher he would forever remain in obscurity. The zinger part of the question is, of course, what did the Flea hit in that Series? The answer is .000—zero for 16.

Flea-type questions are always aggravating, and so are those in which the obvious answer is never correct. On a purely elementary—or low trivia—level, a favorite in this genre is: Who played Frankenstein in the original 1931 movie? A careless thinker would speedily say Boris Karloff. And he would be wrong,

19. IN THE SEVENTH GAME OF THE 1946 SERIES, ENOS SLAUGHTER, WHO WAS ON FIRST BASE, SCORED ON A HIT TO LEFT CENTER FIELD. WHO HIT THE BALL?

for Karloff played the monster. Colin Clive was Dr. Frankenstein.

Then, too, there is the multiple-layer or double-zinger question, favored by Corvin and other obscurantists. Here the player is taunted into an increasingly false sense of security. Corvin, for example, might casually inquire, "What was the name of the Green Hornet's car?" When told that it was, as we all know, the Black Beauty, Corvin will then ask, "Where did the Hornet park it?" This is a step up, but a reasonably adept trivia player will answer, "In an adjoining building." Now the zinger: "And what kind of a building was it?" Even the best trivia players have foundered on this. Was it a warehouse? An underground garage? Yankee Stadium? The maddening answer is: "Supposedly abandoned."

The Hornet is a marvelous trivia person, lending himself to endless queries. With the Hornet, a trivia player can deliver an entire biography before he shoots the zinger. Here's an example: Besides the fact they both wore masks, used special weapons (the gas gun and silver bullets), had super modes of transportation (the Black Beauty and Silver), employed sidekicks who spoke broken English (Kato and Tonto), what else did the Green Hornet and the Lone Ranger have

continued

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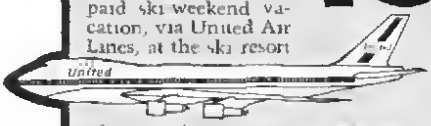
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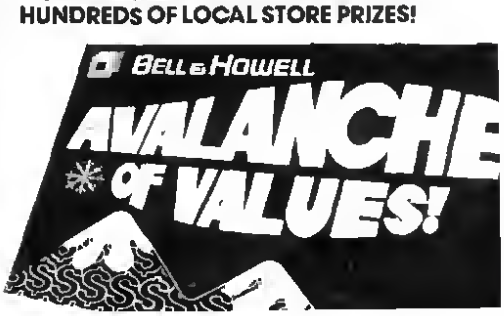


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in common? The answer: They were related. Britt Reid, the Green Hornet, was the grandnephew of John Reid, the Lone Ranger.

A classic Corvin double-zinger goes like this: Zinger (1)—Who are the four players who have hit four home runs in one game since 1949? That's easy: Gil Hodges, Joe Adcock, Rocky Colavito and Willie Mays. Zinger (2)—What one player was either a teammate or an opponent of the hitter on each occasion? The answer, which separates trivia men from trivia boys, is Billy Loes, a teammate of Hodges on the 1950 Dodgers and of Mays on the 1961 Giants and Adcock's foe as a Dodger in 1954 and Colavito's as an Oriole in 1959.

Perhaps the Black Beauty of all trivia questions was posed during a lull between the first and second games of the last World Series by Roger Angell, the *New Yorker* magazine writer and editor:

"You will quite naturally recall the 1949 James Cagney movie *White Heat*," Angell began, innocently enough.

"To be sure."

"Then you remember, of course, that Cagney in the film had something of a mother fixation?"

"Yes, crazy about the old girl."

"And that during a scene in the prison mess hall he noticed some new cons at his table who looked familiar?"

"I can see them now."

"And that Cagney thinks they may have news from the outside about mom?"

"Right on."

"So he turns to the con next to him and says, does he not? 'Ask them: how's mom? Pass it on.' "

"Indubitably."

"And when the word reaches one of the new men, he turns and says something like, 'Mom's dead. Pass it on.' "

"That's it exactly."

"Fine. Now my question is: Who was the third guy to pass it on?"

"Holy moley! Jeepers creepers!"

"No, Jim Thorpe."

Why, that's it! The old athlete was then down to accepting bit parts, and if you look closely at that scene you will see his familiar flat features. Third? Who can say? But he was, indeed, passing word of mom's untimely demise on.

This is the sort of trivia question that warms the soul, joining as it does Corvinian obfuscation with the Hanson recognition principle. One experiences a sense of community with the questioner, and that is really what trivia is all about. Trivia players are forever in search of kindred spirits and shared pleasures. And they are sadly aware that their numbers are not likely to increase. "We are," as Belcher has said, "of a forgotten persuasion."

This is really the first, the last and eventually the lost trivia generation. The circumstances that spawned the trivia players can never be re-created. Depression youngsters, particularly those in small towns and cities, enjoyed pretty much the same things. They went to movies—all day on Saturday—they listened nightly to the radio and they lavished uncommon devotion on those flawless heroes of the gridiron and diamond who never smoked, drank, took dope or chased girls. "There was a time," said Dunn, "when it all seemed to fit."

There is too much now, too many things to do and see. Television, even with its *Howdy Doody* revival, is not a proper trivia instrument. The programs haven't the staying power, and there are simply too many of them. Trivia players saw the world through a smaller focus. There were 16 major league baseball teams, not 24—can anyone recite the starting lineup of the 1971 Milwaukee Brewers? Who, in fact, are they? Professional football was a piddling enterprise in the trivia player's youth. Now the sun rises and sets upon it. There were more movies then, but they were shorter and simpler. You *knew* the actors. The entire communications industry virtually exploded into being in the trivia years, and the trivia players were then able to keep up with it. Nobody can maintain that pace now.

Not long ago a trivia player was recalling for the amusement of some basically non-trivia companions what he half-seriously considered to be the best day of his life.

"It was the summer of 1938, and I was just 7," he said. "But think of it: all in one day I tasted my first marble-fudge ice cream, bought the copy of *Action Comics* that introduced Superman and, to top it all off, was mistaken for Bobby Breen on a Greyhound bus. That is what I call living!"

His friends regarded him quizzically. "I've eaten marble fudge," said one. "And everybody knows Superman. But just who in the name of heaven is Bobby Breen?"

The trivia player was staggered. Are there grown-up people in this world who have not heard of Bobby Breen, the prototypical boy soprano? Am I, he thought, that isolated from the normal course of events? Am I that old?

But he finally comforted himself with the knowledge that somewhere, maybe down at the Templebar, there would be someone who would think of Bobby Breen as an old and treasured friend. Perhaps they would hoist one in the little fellow's memory. And maybe, if the mood was upon them, they would lift up their voices in trembling falsetto and sing:

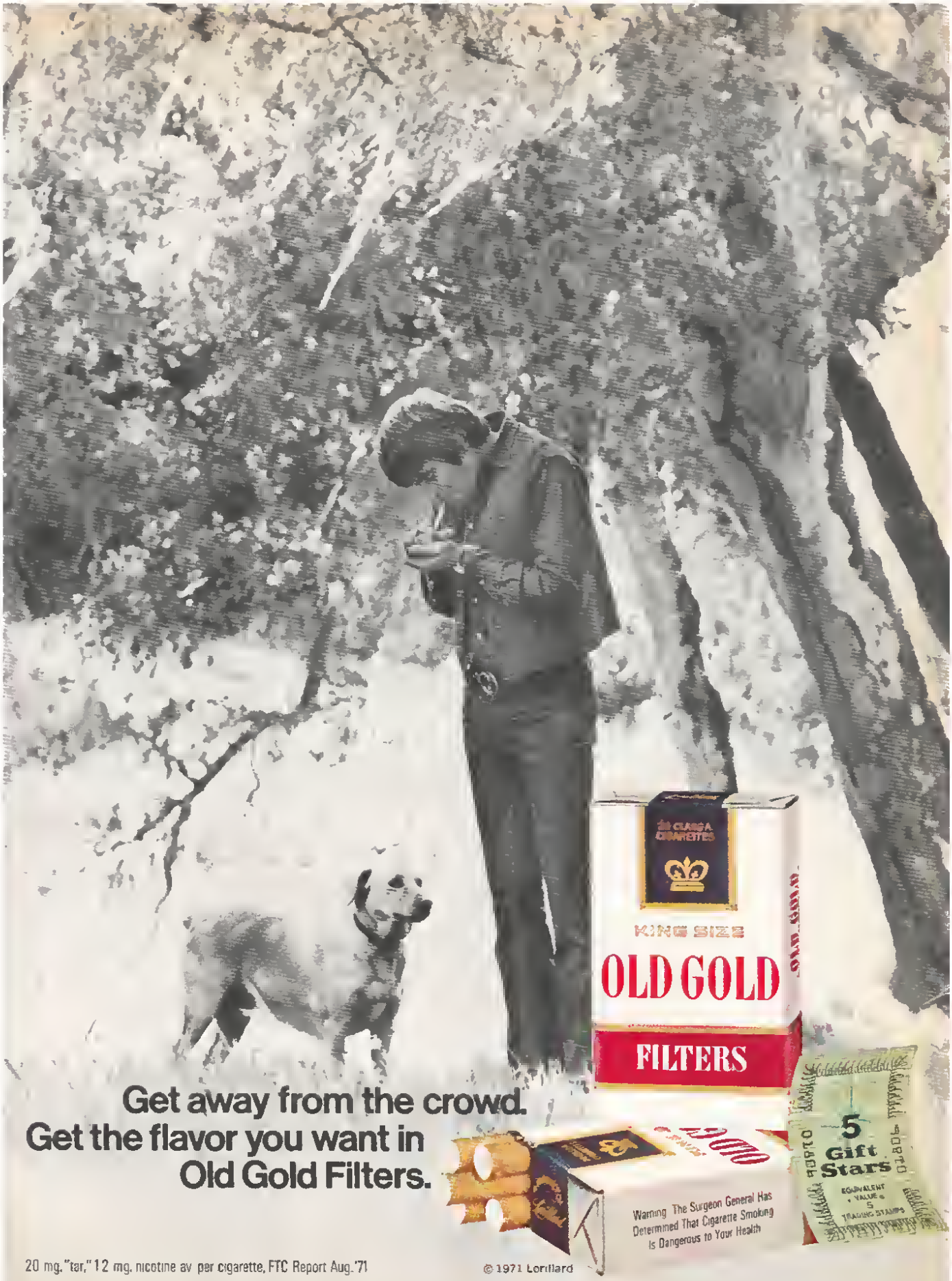
"Oh, there's a rainbow on the river, the skies are clearing . . ."

Trivia players have *that* going for them.

ANSWERS:

1. Frank (Boley) Dancewicz in 1946 and Paul Hornung, the bonus pick in 1957
2. *The Sea Beast*
3. Pitcher Bill Voiselle, who came from Ninety Six, S.C.
4. Dominic DiMaggio
5. George E. Stone
6. Ducky Pond of Yale. His Heisman winners were Larry Kelley and Clint Frank
7. Earl Averill, the Cleveland Indian outfielder. Big toe. Left foot
8. Earl Webb of the Boston Red Sox
9. Lucille Wall
10. *The Bad in Every Man*
11. Winifred Wolfe
12. Bill DeLancey
13. Ohio River
14. Y. A. Tittle, Young Arnold Tucker
15. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, Ed Begley, Jack Warden, Martin Balsam, George Voskovec, Robert Webber, Jack Klugman, Edward Binns, E. G. Marshall, Joseph Sweeney, John Fiedler
16. *Crime Without Passion*, Claude Rains
17. Eddie Collins
18. Raul Roulien
19. Harry Walker

END



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 15-21

BASKETBALL—ABA: Any semblance of races in the two divisions was shattered when East leader Kentucky, led by Dan Issel's shooting (average 35 points) and rookie Artis Gilmore's rebounding (in one game he pulled down 30), took five games to extend its winning streak to 11, and West leader Utah ran up six in a row with three more wins. The Colonels' lead over Virginia ballooned to 13, while the Stars opened up a 7½-game margin over Indiana. New York, third in the East, fell nine games out of second with three losses in a row despite Rick Barry's barrage of 47, 50 and 30 points, but Dallas, the third-place team in the West, crept within 5½ of second with a six-game winning string.

NBA: New York tightened up the Atlantic Division race, moving from 5½ to 2½ games behind Boston by extending its winning streak to six with three victories, including a 102–99 overtime win over Chicago in which the Knicks were 23 points down in the third period. Meanwhile, Boston dropped four of five, including a 117–109 loss to Milwaukee that broke the nine-game Celtic string. The only suspense in the Pacific Division involved who the runner-up will be—Seattle or Golden State tied at 15 games behind runaway Los Angeles, which won four of five. In the Lakers' one loss—110–109 in Phoenix—Wilt Chamberlain became the first NBA player to score 30,000 career points when Neal Walk was called for goaltending on one of Wilt's shots. "It's no big deal," said Chamberlain. "What it means is someone has done it while he's of shooting it one time or another." Ironically, the Lakers lost the game when Will was called for goaltending on Connie Hawkins with three seconds to go. In the all-but-eliminated Dirty Dozen first-place Baltimore broke its eight-game losing streak, runner-up Atlanta snapped its four-game losing streak by beating Cincinnati 133–109, and the Royals came back the next night to break their eight-game losing streak with a 112–92 win over the Cavaliers. Chicago remained 4½ game behind Milwaukee in the Midwest as both teams split four games, but the Bulls stirred things up by beating the Bucks 104–97 as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who had gone over 50 in two games during the week, was held scoreless in the fourth period.

BOXING—MANDO RAMOS gained a 15-round split decision over Pedro Carrasco in Los Angeles to win the WBC lightweight championship (*page 44*).

DOG SHOW—CH. CHINOE'S ADAMANT JAMES, a 3½-year-old liver-and-white English springer spaniel who is called D.J., won best-in-show honors for the second straight year at the Westminster Kennel Club Show in New York's Madison Square Garden (*page 16*).

HOCKEY—Rick Martin butchered Buffalo's division lead (first in the East) by blacking the NHL rookie goal record—set by his teammate, Gil Perreault, last season—with his 39th. At the top of the division, Boston held its nine-point margin over New York as both teams streaked to three wins and one tie. After Ivan Montreal 2-2, the Bruins whacked Calgary 6–3 as Bobby Orr assisted on four of his team's five goals in the first period. Then Philadelphia on Phil Esposito's hat trick and defeated Minnesota 6-4. The Rangers took Los Angeles twice—4–2 and 6–4 as the goal-a-game line tallied nine points—and defeated Vancouver 5–1 on Jean Ratelle's three goals, including a 150-foot shot into an open net. "All I wanted to do was to get the puck out of our end," said the astonished Ratelle. New York's six-game winning streak ended when California tied the Rangers 2–2. In the West, Chicago moved 12 points ahead of Minnesota as the Black Hawks won two and tied one while the North Stars split two games.

HORSE RACING—EXECUTIONER ($4.40), Carlos Barrera up, won the $134,800 Gulfstream Park Handicap by 1¾ lengths over Urgent Message.

TURKISH TROUSERS ($7.80), 3-year-old filly of the year in 1971, took the $57,000 Santa Maria Handicap at Santa Anita by half a length over Typecast, giving Bill Shoemaker his 552nd career stakes victory, two short of Eddie Arcaro's mark.

MOTOR SPORTS—A. J. FOYT, averaging a record 161.550 mph, won the Daytona 500 (*page 12*).

SKIING—The World Cup traveling circus resumed after the Olympic break with ERIK HAAKER of Norway winning the giant slalom and ANDRZEJ BACHLEDA of Poland becoming the first skier from an East European Communist nation ever to win an Alpine event when he took the slalom at Banff. Alberta Canada. Jean-Noel Augert of France retained his World Cup lead over countryman Henri Duvillard (140 points to 94) by finishing second in the slalom. In the women's events, France's BRITT LAFFORGUE defected Olympic gold-medal winner Barbara Cochran by .26 to win the slalom, while ANNEMARIE PROELL of Austria clinched the women's World Cup title with a victory in the giant slalom.

SPEED SKATING—Triple Olympic champion ARD SCHENK of The Netherlands gained his third consecutive world title and became the first man in 60 years to win all four events at the Men's World Speed Skating Championships in Oslo, Norway.

TENNIS—STAN SMITH defeated Ilie Nastase to win the U.S. Indoor Open Championship (*page 22*).

TRACK & FIELD—ROD MILBURN zipped to an American indoor record in the 55-meter hurdles with a 7.0, and DR. DELANO MERIWETHER and HERB WASHINGTON flashed to a dead heat in the 50-meter dash (5.6) in the U.S. Olympic Invitational at Madison Square Garden. TOMMIE TURNER beat Larry Jamie by five yards and a hobbled Martin McGrady in the 600-meter run (1:03.1). DAVE WOTTLE edged Fabian Gunn-Del Buono in the 1,500 meters (3:44.8), with Bryan Dyce finishing third, and TOM VON RUDEN took the 1,000 in 2:24.3.

Two Soviet runners won at the San Diego Indoor Games when VALERIY BORZOV took the 60-yard dash in 6.0 and GALINA KUZMINA the women's 880 in 2:11.4. Two Olympic champions, WILLIE DAVENPORT and LEE EVANS, also won the events but a third, Bob Beamon, fell for short. Davenport clocked 7.1 in the 60-yard high hurdles and Evans 55.9 in the 500, while Beamon, hampered by an injury, did not make the finals in the long jump, won by ARNIE ROBINSON at 26'3".

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED. The appointment of RAY PATTERSON, 49, president and general manager of the troubled Houston Rockets, at the end of the season. At the same time, the Rockets will switch to the Midwest Division and the Phoenix Suns will take their place in the Pacific.

JUMPED. Rookie 7-foot Center JIM McDANIELS, 23, from the Carolina Cougars to the NBA Seattle SuperSonics (*page 18*).

RETIRED. From amateur Alpine racing, KARI SCHRANZ, 33, the Austrian Olympic favorite who was barred from competing in the last minute after a spectacular 17-year career in which he won three world championships and two World Cups.

UNVEILED. The nickname and the general manager of the NHL Long Island hockey team that will start play next season in the new Nassau Coliseum. The club will be called the New York Islanders (colors: orange and blue) and will be led by BILL TORREY, 37, a former executive vice president of the Oakland Seals. "I don't know what players my National Hockey League brothers will make available in the expansion draft," said Torrey. "But I don't think they'll be overgenerous."

DIED. MIDDLEGROUND, 25, the winner of the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont Stakes in 1951 at the King Ranch in Kingsville, Texas.

CREDITS

12 13 The ... 14—Pete ... 15—... Schwartzell; 18 ... Hank Walker; 22 24—Sports ... 40—Paul Hopkins; Bob Sitz; 44 Sheridan/Long; 58 UPI; 59 ... Peter ...; 60—... UPI; 67 ... Sports Illustrated.

FACES IN THE CROWD



FRANK ALAGIA, a 5'9½" All-Long Island guard at St. Agnes Cathedral High in Rockville Centre, N.Y., totaled 78 points and 29 assists in back-to-back games in a recent tournament. He has led the Stags to a 13-1 record and a No. 3 ranking in the state.



SUE HARRISON, a junior forward at Allison (Texas) High, a Class B school with only 31 students, went over 30 points 16 times and over 40 five times in leading her girls' basketball team to a 22-6 mark. Only 5' 1¾", Sue's high game was 54 points.



JAMIE DAY, an eighth-grader at Spring Oaks Junior High in Houston who won the 100 meter breaststroke at the National AAU Junior Olympics last summer, has been ranked first in the National AAU 11-12 division for both the 100-yard and 100 meter breaststroke.



RAY ORF, 30, a 212-average bowler from St. Louis, rolled a spare (leaving the No. 10 pin standing), then connected for 35 consecutive strikes to amass a 290-300-300-890 series in an adult-junior league. If sanctioned, his feat will break a 32-year-old ABC record.



BRAD SMITH, a senior at Hersey High in Arlington Heights, Ill., won his 60th wrestling *match in a row, pushing* his three-year record to 79-2-1. Holder of the state 126-pound title last season, Brad moved up to the 132-pound weight class this year.



K. C. AREY, a 47-year-old wine bottler from Danville, Va., competing against 177 other skeet shooters, broke 193 of 400 targets to gain the high overall award in the 10th annual Dixie Open in Winter Haven, Fla. Arey missed only one of his last 300 targets.

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THE STATE OF THE GAME

Sirs:

Thanks for Bill Wall's ideas and thoughts on methods of cleaning up collegiate basketball (*Time to Clean Up Basketball*, Feb. 14). The administration of any academic community that allows an athletic department to run unchecked is asking for problems. An administration that condones turning students and faculty away from home games and allows the "paying public" to monopolize the seats in the stadium or arena cannot justify the athletic department's existence in an educational institution.

We should start cleaning up all collegiate athletics by issuing grants-in-aid on, first, academic qualifications and, second, a need factor. This aid would be open to all students, male and female, athlete and nonathlete. Of course, all financial aid would be handled from a separate office on the campus, *i.e.*, the department of admissions, scholarship committee. The coach would then become a teacher-coach, instead of a talent scout with a large bankroll.

WILLIAM G. THORNTON
Coach of track
St. Olaf College
Northfield, Minn.

Sirs:

Articles like *Time to Clean Up Basketball* would be unnecessary if college athletics abandoned their hypocritical pursuit of amateurism. According to the dictionary, a professional activity is one engaged in by persons receiving financial return. The college athletic scholarship is, obviously, financial return, and when the NCAA says that any financial return beyond the standard scholarship violates amateurism, that statement is arbitrary and illogical. If one cent is paid a college athlete to perform his skill, professionalism is present.

We should admit that scholarship athletes are professionals. Then there would be no need for under-the-table bidding for players, and whatever return a player could command from a college would be his right in accordance with the principles of free enterprise. Of course, the resulting contract would be legally binding and, if the contracts were made on a four-year basis, the college would be protected against encroachment by the pro leagues.

GARY OLINGER
Norfolk, Va.

Sirs:

Granted, you have published two fine articles in reaction to the riot that erupted in the Minnesota-Ohio State game (*An Ugly Affair in Minneapolis*, Feb. 7). And we can only echo support for the efforts of National Association of Basketball Coaches President Wall to clean up basketball. On the other hand, we marvel at your audacity in citing Tom Burleson (*Tall Drink of Mountain Can-Do*, Feb. 14) for his "great move," an elbow in the face. Rather than being "unsophisticated retaliation," Burleson's act is, in retrospect, almost enough to have been a good excuse for rioting similar in nature to that which occurred in Minneapolis under such frightening circumstances. It is obvious that housecleaning of basketball is a good idea, but are you serious about it?

OAVID ULRICH
FRED AXELGARD
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah

MEDALISTS

Sirs:

William Johnson has written another fine article (*Games of the Rainbow*, Feb. 14) in his continuing coverage of the Winter Olympics. I am disturbed, though, by his treatment of the women's figure-skating competition. Mr. Johnson seems to imply that Trixi Schuba's domination of the school figures and her steady, if unglamorous, performance in the free-skating event meant that runners-up Karen Magnussen and Janet Lynn were more deserving of the gold medal.

It seems to be a common expectation that leading athletes must not only be outstanding performers but also have exciting personalities and beautiful bodies. This superstar combination does not occur frequently. A winning performance carries with it an excitement of its own for which a pretty face or an attractive smile is no substitute. Miss Schuba is worthy of her medal, and she is entitled to its full honor.

PETER BROWN
Champaign, Ill.

Sirs:

One statement about the figure skating does not ring true. You say that Trixi Schuba's gold medal was Austria's first in figure skating. In the women's event, Austria had one previous winner, Herma Planck-Szabó in 1924. Karl Schafer won the men's singles in 1932 and again in '36, and Wolfgang Schwarz won in 1968. And in the pairs, Austrians won in 1924 and 1956.

WILLIAM H. REGN
Riverton, N.J.

Sirs:

In your Jan. 31 Olympic preview on figure skating you said, "Both U.S. girls will be challenged by Canadian Karen Magnussen, whose only problem has been inconsistency." Obviously Karen solved that problem (if she ever had it) by passing both Julie Lynn Holmes and Janet Lynn and winning the silver medal.

MRS. O. R. TREMBLAY
Birch Island, British Columbia

Sirs:

With 1,128 athletes to choose from, SI's staff successfully picked 52 of the 105 medal winners for a commendable percentage of 495. You also were able to match 23 winners with the same medal they won (e.g., Ard Schenk's three gold medals in speed skating). Your best event for prediction was figure skating, which earned you a .667 mark. The disqualification of Austria's Karl Schranz and the poor showing of the U.S. men and France's skiers made Alpine skiing your worst event. You could only predict six of the 18 medalists for a .333 percentage.

DENNIS SWANEY
Hiller, Pa.

YELLOWSTONE

Sirs:

Thank you and hooray for Jim Harrison's readable plea to save Yellowstone National Park and all our wilderness (*Old, Faithful and Mysterious*, Feb. 14). Let the wilderness remain so that some men and women can go there to find themselves in balance with their environment. Let the 53% "drive through in half a day" visitors stay in the urban areas and live with their ecological carelessness until they are motivated to give nature a chance and come and take a walk with her.

PATRICK H. O'LEARY
Chicago

Sirs:

Now you've done it. You have encouraged millions of Americans to walk "that minimal quarter of a mile" to see Yellowstone's yet unspoiled splendor. An otherwise excellent article, mind you, for the author beautifully expressed his appreciation of this great natural wilderness. But until we all truly come to realize the priceless value of such magnificence existing right here within our own country, I would refrain from recommending to the public that everyone trod upon this sacred land. The crowds have already ruined 5% of Yellowstone National Park. If they follow your advice, what is to become of the remainder?

WARREN J. WINTERS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

BUSH PILOT

Sirs:

Coles Phinizy's story about Don Sheldon of Talkeetna, Alaska (*Off into the Wild White*

continued



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Yonder, Feb. 14) has to be one of the funniest pieces to appear on your pages in a long time. What may strike readers as a bit of truth-stretching by Phinizy can be certified as understatement by myself. I have known Don Sheldon for a dozen years and have flown perhaps 100 times with him while covering the Alaskan scene. He is a living legend and a wonder and, if not the best bush pilot in Alaska, the craftiest and most courageous. The McKinley area of the Alaska Range is his backyard, and no one knows it better. Don has the capacity to make very nearly every flight a droll adventure. One Delta Air Lines jet captain who flew a mountain recon with Don called the flight white knuckles all the way. This was no criticism of Don but admiration for a man who makes his daily living in such a rugged place.

One of the famous crash stories about Sheldon should be told as it says so much about the man. While flying mountaineers to and from a glacier in the Wrangells, Sheldon paused to gas up. He had been flying for 18 hours and was heading home. While gassing the wing tank on his Cessna 180, he fell asleep, dreaming about flying the Wrangells, one guesses. He fell off the wing with the gas can and crashed into a pile of rocks, knocking himself out. Sheldon said that he thought he had really crashed and was dead. It was the 747-size Alaska mosquito that brought him back to life. He said he knew hell could not be that bad and that he must be living. A bit bunged up and well drained of blood, he got back into the Cessna and flew home.

Talkeetna and Sheldon will not last forever, but it is nice to know that such a place and such a cast of characters exist. As for Sheldon, he is one of a kind.

JOE RYCHETNIK

Reno

TOO MANY KICKS

Sirs:

I agree completely with Joe Marshall (*A Wishbone of Contention*, Feb. 14) when he contends that the field goal has a dominance, at least in the pros, that is not conducive to the game. The touchdown should be the method that produces the scoring champion in any league, at any level.

I propose that the NFL move the goalposts to the end line (as is now contemplated) and not allow an attempt for a field goal unless the ball can be placed by the holder on or inside the opponent's 35-yard line. This would still produce field goals as long as 45 yards (long enough for accuracy and distance skills to be demonstrated). I further propose that the scrimmage line remain the same if the kicking team fails to score on its field-goal attempt. I have never been able to understand why the defending team should be, in effect, penalized (as is the case probably 90% of the time) by having the ball moved back to its 20-yard line when it was the offensive team that failed to complete the kick. If the scrimmage line were to remain the same, the offensive team would not be in such a hurry to kick.

Sport historians need not retort. I know the importance of the foot in the evolution of football, but it should be booted out of the dominant role in modern football. Pun intended.

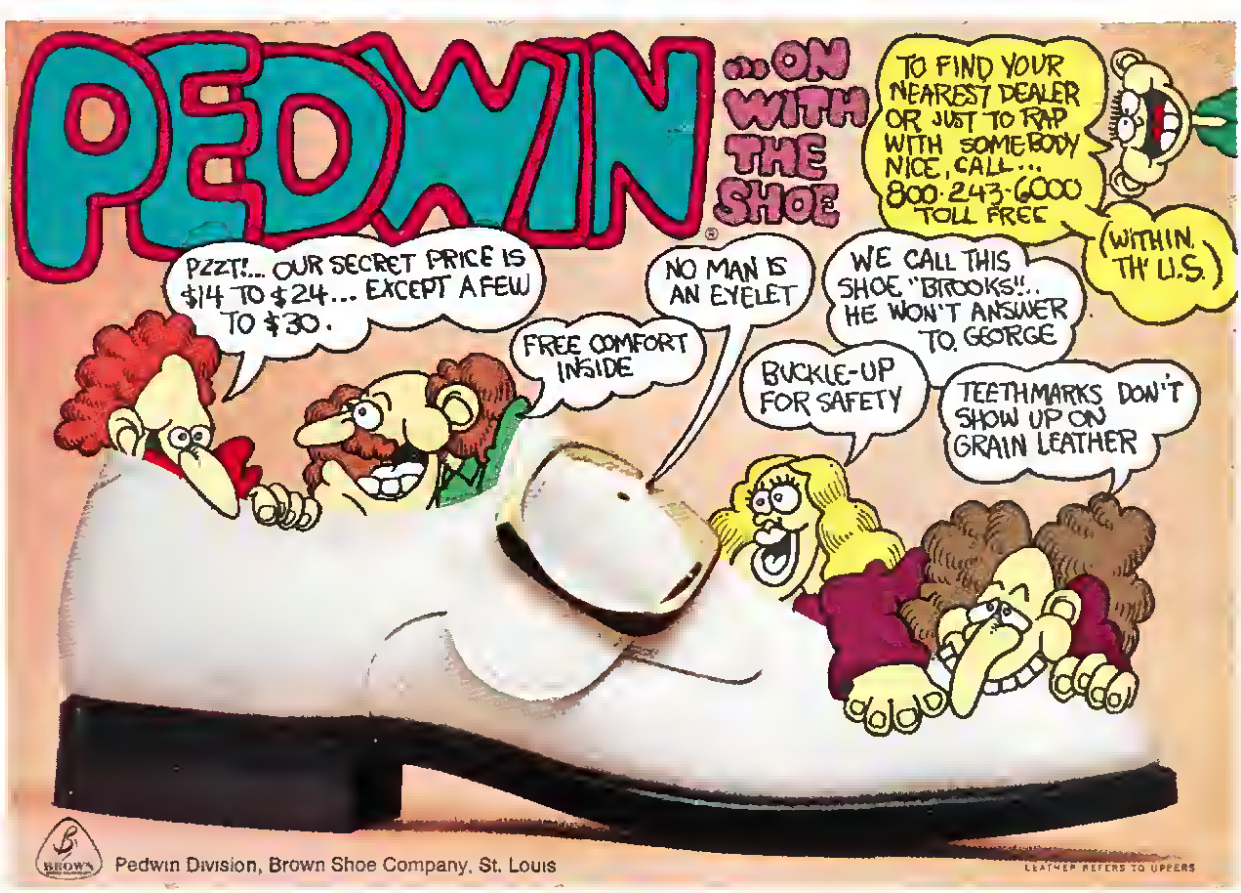
BOOKER BROOKS

University Park, Pa.

NO BLUFF

Sirs:

In reply to your Jan. 24 article, *You Make the Most with What You Got*, the Mem-



phis Pros of the ABA are here to stay! They are not bluffers and they are not miracles. They are solid. The trade gave them Randy Denton, a promising center, George Lehmann, a ball-controlling guard, and Warren Davis, a quiet man who does a fine job off the bench. Since that trade, attendance has soared. Basketball, both college and professional, has caught on in Memphis. Tell Peter Carry that Memphis is not bluffing.

JIMMY OGLE

Memphis

Sirs:

You failed to point out one very important fact. Attendance this year, after 33 dates, is more than 55,000 over last year's attendance at the same time. Memphis is definitely supporting the Pros, no matter what their nickname is. And, by the way, the Memphis Miracles doesn't sound all that bad.

BOBBY PLUNK

Memphis

STUNT MEN

Sirs:

It is rare these days to find a magazine that offers interesting and inventive reading. Articles in other publications often seem so rehashed that the reader feels he is partaking of yesterday's leftovers. Not so with your Jan. 31 article by Herman Weiskopf (*Being a Good Sport About It All*). Here we are offered an insight into the world of the Hollywood stunt men, athletes who greatly enhance movies yet are hidden in oblivion. Like all things wrapped in mystery, once revealed they prove to be very interesting indeed.

RALPH MERNIT

Great Neck, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is about time someone gave stunt men the credit they deserve. I don't think they really do it for the money. I believe it is the feeling of accomplishment in doing what others cannot do that keeps them going.

WALTER KOWAL JR.

Newark

DEFINITIONS

Sirs:

Mr. Garr M. Kluender claims (19TH HOLE, Jan. 31) that chess is not a sport "in the true sense of the word" or in contrast, for example, to marbles, which involves "a degree of physical coordination." Cambridge University has awarded a half-blue to its chess team representatives since 1873, when annual matches with Oxford began, thus putting chess in the same category with minor sports like golf, fencing, lacrosse and cross-country.

In 1910 the Oxford chess club awarded "colours" to its teams, giving them the

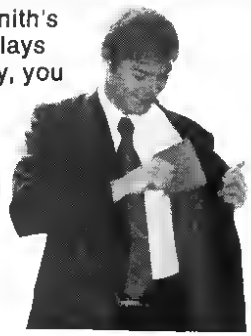
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right to wear a tri-colored necktie or scarf (dark blue, white and red). Cambridge representatives appeared in natty blazers, with light blue (the Cambridge color) pipings and crossed chessboards on the left breast. They also wore the standard Cambridge half-blue tie.

The Oxford tie and scarf were forgotten when the chess matches were resumed after World War I, due in part, perhaps, to the fact that Oxford's best player was almost blind. But efforts have recently been made to revive them so that this year's team can appear duly attired at the annual match in March. (In 1900 the Oxford team showed up in frock coats and top hats.) The Oxford club has also asked the Blues Committee for a half-blue, citing Cambridge as an example, but it has been turned down on the ground that if half-blues were given for chess, the bridge and tiddlywinks chaps would not be far behind.

In the February issue of *Reader's Digest*, it is said that tests at Temple University show that "the physical strain of tournament chess, as measured by pulse rate, skin temperature and other indexes, is equivalent to a 10-round boxing match or five sets of tennis." I personally have felt more fatigued after a three-hour chess game than after rowing a mile and a quarter in a race. At least after the rowing had been over for three or four minutes I felt quite myself.

The recent achievements of America's Bobby Fischer in the chess world have aroused enormous interest in the game. Certainly SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is justified in devoting articles to him

FRANKLIN F. RUSSELL
Captain
Oxford University chess team 1914
Englewood, N.J.

Sirs:

To put things in their proper perspective, football, hockey, horseshoe pitching and table tennis involve a degree of physical coordination rather than purely mental activity and are therefore *only* sports.

STEVEN HOCHHAUSER
Folsom, Calif.

Sirs:

Bridge and chess are not sports? Well, I don't know about that, but as long as we're on the subject let me say that my pet peeve is the practice of including horse racing as a part of sports. Horse racing should be included under farm news, along with reports on how many eggs the chickens laid that day and how much milk the cows gave.

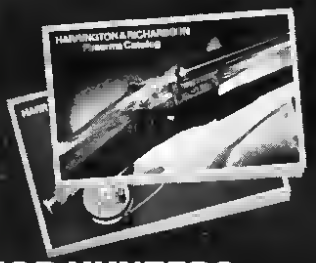
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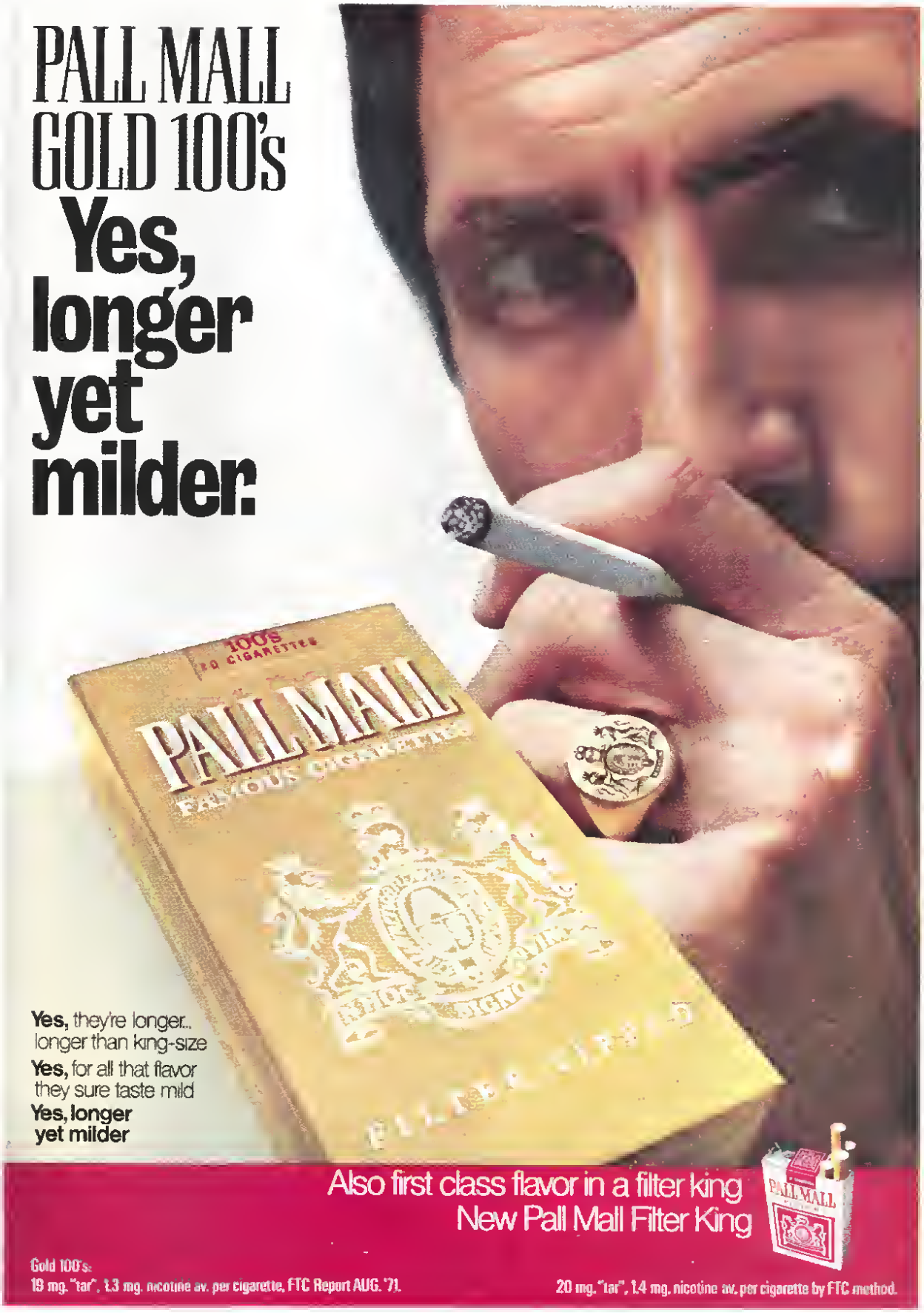
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